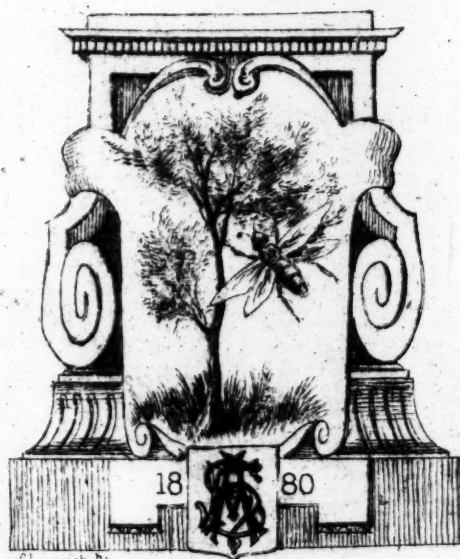


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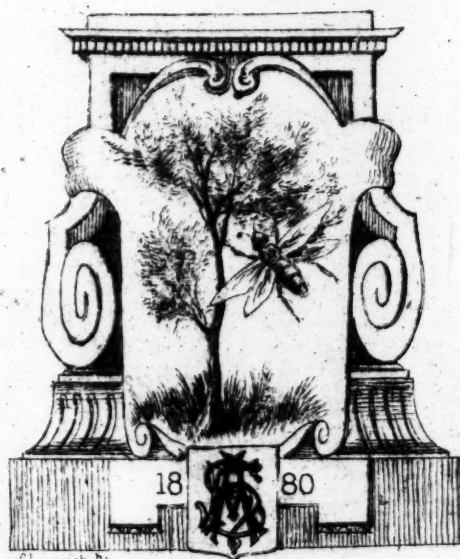
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The second Volume
OF THE
Court of VENUS,

OR
Cupid restor'd to Sight:

Being a History of CUCKOLDS, and
CUCKOLD-MAKERS.

Containing an Account of the Secret Amours and Intrigues of our *British* Kings, Noblemen, and others; with the most celebrated Beauties, and famous Jilts, from K. *Henry II.* to this present Time. The Whole interspers'd with Letters of Love and Gallantry:

With the AMOURS and INTRIGUES of two TURKS, with their *English* Mistresses, and a KEY to both Volumes.

By Captain ALEXANDER SMITH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Baker in Pater-Noster-Row,
R: Burleigh in Amen-Corner, and A. Dodd
without Temple-Bar, 1716.

THE SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
RELATIONS

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE
RELATIONS

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE SERVICE A-
means and the loss of our shipping
Noblemen and others with the most
valuable treasure, and the
king R. Henry the first
the A. who married with
of Love and Obedience
With the Accounts and Particulars of two
Turks, with their Lives and
and a Key to both Volumes.

By Captain Alexander

L O N D O N

Printed for W. Baskin in Strand
R. Baskin in Strand
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THE PREFACE.

THE kind Reception with which the first Volume of the *Court of Venus* hath met in the World, does encourage us to oblige the Publick with another. The Subjects hereof are very curious, and to make the several Stories more intelligible to the Reader, we have inserted an Alphabetical Key for both Volumes. This History contains the infamous Lives of the most notable Concubines and Harlots for many Ages down to this present Time, to expose Adultery and Fornication; Crimes so odious to God and Man, that whatever Names we may gloss them over with, have been always attended with sad and lamentable Consequences.

P R E F A C E.

It has been the Opinion of some Learned Men, that the forbidden Fruit in the midst of the Garden, which the great Creator of all things, by his especial Command, so strictly prohibited, and the Devil tempted Eve withal, was no other than Carnality. What Exceptions this may admit of, I shall not now dispute; but only say, Chastity and Lust are so profess'd Enemies to one another, that they can never live together in the same Subject, no more than Day and Night, or Light and Darkness; for the first is a bright and resplendent Vertue, and the other a raging and devouring Vice. Chastity makes us as glorious as the Angels; but Lust, deform'd as Devils. True Love is the Intelligence that greatly moves the Soul from innocent Desires to chaste Embraces; but Incontinency is *Satan's* Incendiary, which first fires us with unlawful Flames, and then violently hurries
us

P R E F A C E.

us over all the sacred Boundaries of Modesty, Justice and Religion, to satisfy the impious Cravings of one burning Lust.

As the World grows in Years, so Women grow in Wickedness, each Age being worse than the preceding; well therefore might the Poet say,

*Look not on an ill Woman! for she's worse
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curse:
Were she but peevish, proud, an arrant Whore,
Perjur'd, and painted, if she were no more,
I cou'd forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging still she but a Woman is:
But she is worse, and may in Time forestall
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.*

For when once a Woman forfeits her Vertue and Honour to the lewd Embraces of him, whom she fixes her Affections on, she resigns herself up to all manner of abominable Crimes, even to the committing most barbarous Murders; however, as wicked as the World is, I must
A 3 say

P R E F A C E.

say so much in behalf of the Female Sex, that Chastity is as unlimited as Lust, and that we have as many glorious Examples of the one, as Prodigies of the other; for the Name of *Judith* is yet fam'd by her Continence, whilst the Memory of *Lais* is only preserv'd by her Ignominy; and the insatiate *Messalina* was not more the Scandal, than the chaste *Lucretia* the Honour of her Sex, who flew from the hot Embraces of the lustful *Tarquin*, to the cold Arms of Mortality for Refuge; her purer Soul now loath'd that Body which had suffer'd the Pollutions of the Ravisher, and with an undaunted Courage open'd the Door to Death, and lodg'd the fatal Steel in her yet unspotted Breast.

Socrates, one of the most famous Philosophers of his Age, says, Beauty in the Faces of Harlots, and folly in their Heads, be two Worms that fret Mens Lives, and wast their Goods.

Euripides

P R E F A C E.

Euripides says, That though some Women seem Chast, yet they secretly delight in Change; and though their Continnence be coy to all, yet their Consciences can dispense with giving their Honour up to the Embraces of some particular Men. *Plato* tells us, That Strumpet's Faces are Lures; their Beauty, Baits; their Looks, Nets; and their Words inciting Charms. And *Sophocles* says, That a Harlot's Mind is uncertain, and hath as many new Devices as a Tree hath Leaves; for she is always desirous of Change, and seldom loves him heartily, with whom she has been long conversant.

But to conclude, *Solomon* the Wi-
sest of all Mankind, cautions us to
beware of keeping Company with
lewd Strumpets, saying, *Hearken*
unto me now therefore, O ye Chil-
dren, and attend to the Words of my
Mouth; Let not thine Heart incline
to her Ways, go not astray in her
Paths

P R E F A C E.

Paths; for she hath cast down many wounded; yea many strong Men have been slain by her: Her House is the way to Hell, going down to the Chambers of Death. Here is such a Description of a Harlot, drawn by a divine Pencil, that unless a Man be given up to Ruine and Destruction, will deter him from her impure Embraces; and so much the rather, as coming from a King that had so large and so sad Experience of them.

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THE
Second Volume
OF THE
COURT of VENUS,
OR
Cupid restor'd to Sight;
BEING A
HISTORY
OF
CUCKHOLDS
AND
Cuckold-Makers.

King Charles II. and Dutchesse of Portingale.

THOUGH this Mademoiselle was none of the Handsomest, as being a short thick Woman, very Brown in Complexion, and had a great Cast in her Eyes; yet a French Count was so much overseen as to hold an Intrigue with her, to the great Mortification of another Mistress whom he kept at the same Time. This, whose Name was

B

Sedieres,

Sedieres, perceiving a great Indifference in her Spark of late, in many Things, and that he went Abroad oftner, and stay'd longer out than usual, it rais'd such a Jealousy in her Breast, that she resolv'd at last to dodge him, and see whither he went. Nor did she wait long to satisfy her Curiosity, for the very Day after she had taken that Resolution, the Count went to see *Lovise de Querquaille*, which was the Name of the Dutche's of P—; and *Madam Sedieres* turning Spy, saw him go into her House, and then went Home again full of Grief to see herself thus slighted for another. While he was there with her whom he then lov'd best, who should come in but a certain Gentleman his particular Friend, who calling him aside, told him, he had seen *Madam Sedieres* walking to and fro about the Door, and that therefore it was high Time to think of some Method to keep her ignorant of the Intrigue. At the Name of *Sedieres*, all his Senses were put into such Disorder, that his new Mistress perceiving it, ask'd him whence such

a ſudden Change proceeded? He told her, the Matter was not worth hearing; for that it was only upon the Gentleman's telling him a Piece of News, that much troubled him; to wit, That a certain Friend of his, whom he greatly reſpected, was juſt dead. Mean time, he was oblig'd to take Meaſures to leave that Houſe, in which he was diſturb'd with a thouſand diſmal Thoughts, and obſerv'd by the Eyes of Madam *Sedieres*, of whom he had then moſt Reason to be afraid, for fear of ſpoiling his new Amour. For this end, he took his Friend into one Corner of the Room, to conſult with him about what they had beſt do, to take away from his firſt Miſtreſs all the miſchievous Jealouſies ſhe might have conceiv'd. The reſult of their ſhort Conference was, That they ſhould go out together, and that if *Sedieres* ſtill lay perdue, who unknowing to them was gone Home, the Count ſhould pretend to be amaz'd to ſee her there; and that they ſhould ſay, That the Houſe ſhe ſaw them come out of, was a Walk which he often took, for the ſake of

a Conversation of a certain *Virtuoso*, who frequented that House, and in whose Company he had so much Pleasure, that Hours seem'd but as Moments while he was with him. The Project thus concerted, he took his Leave of Madam *Querouaille*, and went out of the House in Company of his Friend.

When the Count and his Friend parted, he went Home, where he found Madam *Sedieres* drinking Chocolate, and sitting down by her, he said smiling, *Was it not you, my Dear, that I saw about an Hour ago? I am sure if it was not you, there is a Person in this City of Paris very much like you. It was I, sure enough, reply'd Madam Sedieres, with a very serious Air; for I had a mind to see with my own Eyes whether you go every Day, and to know the Reason why you thus neglect me. I wish my Suspicion be ill-grounded, added she, sighing, but alas! How afraid am I, that (to my Sorrow, and your own too in the End) there is but too much Occasion for it. What, are you bewitch'd?* Said the Count, interrupting her, *that you talk to me in this Manner? Do you speak in Earnest*

Earneſt when you rave thus? Or, do you only do it to divert your ſelf? If you ſpeak ſeriously, I ſhall take a Pleaſure in mortifying your Curioſity, and puniſhing your unjuſt Suſpicions, by carrying you to the Place where you ſaw me, to let you know the Reaſons which induce me to go thither. Then he told her all that he and his Friend had agreed upon; and as ſhe ſeem'd to give Credit to all that he ſaid, they began to talk both in a pleaſant Humour, and after having ſupp'd very lovingly together, went to Bed, where the Count paſt the Night with Abundance of Uneaſineſs; for he had no ſooner fallen aſleep, but he was tormented with frightful Dreams: Among the reſt he thought, Madam *Querouaille* having diſcover'd her Rival, baſely reproach'd him; and that with Looks pale as Death, Eyes drown'd in Tears, and all over trembling, ſhe abandon'd herſelf to Diſpair, and came ruſhing upon him with a naked Poniard in her Hand, in order to make a thouſand Oilet Holes in his Skin. His Soul was ſo troubled with that diſmal Thought, that as faſt as he was,

he cry'd aloud, *Ah! Dear Querouaille, what are you going to do?* Then he wak'd in a great Fright, and though he knew it was but a Dream, yet he pass'd the Night in a very irksome Manner, being full of Apprehensions that it presag'd some fatal Adventure.

But the Event of his Dreams prov'd no otherwise, than that of Madam Sedieres going to *Querouaille's* House before he was up, and discovering to her what Right she had to the Count's Heart before her. She return'd Home before her Spark was up, who afterwards dressing himself, he went all the round about Ways to *Querouaille's* House, and look'd behind him every now and then, for fear *Sedieres* should dodge him again. But it was then too late, to use Precautions: The Steed was stoln, and it was to no purpose to shut the Stable Door. However, it was not long e'er he arriv'd to the Place in which he reckon'd he enjoy'd his most perfect Bliss; but he was no sooner in the Presence of *Querouaille*, but she read him a juniper Lecture, saying, *Have you for these*
eight

eight Months paſt had the Liberty of depriving me of my Honour when you have a Wife or a Miſtreſs before? And whoſe Insolence is ſuch, that this very Morning ſhe told me, ſhe knew a Method whereby to make me repent my Boldneſs; after which ſhe roſe like Lightning from her Seat, and went out of the Houſe raving like a Fury. For my Part, I remain'd Speechleſs and Trembling for ſome Time, ſo that I had ſcarce the Power to ſpeak to her. Since that, my Grief is ſo augmented by your Falſhood alſo, that I am ſcarce able to forbear laying violent Hands on my ſelf. And is not this, think you, Matter of Sorrow enough for me? And have I not too much Reason to complain? Concluded Querouaille. Yes, doubtleſs, my Dear, you have too much, answer'd the Count; but nevertheless, don't alarm your ſelf with all that that unhappy Woman has told you. But the better to perſuade you, continu'd he, that you have nothing to fear on that Side, I'll give you a faithful Account how Affairs ſtand between me and that impertinent buſy Body and me: Thereupon he told the afflicted Querouaille all that related to Sedieres, ever ſince his taking her

from the Service of the Dutcheſs of Orleans. He aſſur'd her farther, that he had not made a Fool of her; that his Love was ſincere and of an unparallel'd Violence; that nothing in the World ſhould put by the Reſolution he had taken to love her as long as he liv'd; that as for *Sedieres* Part, were it not for making a Noiſe, he'd take a ſevere Method to puniſh her Impudence, and from that very Day make her ſerve as his Woman. *Pluck up a good Heart then, my Dear Querouaille, ſaid the Count; and abandon your Melancholly from this very Moment. If 'tis true, that you lov'd me, and that you have ſtill the ſame Sentiments for me, as I have for you, never fear, but in a little Time I'll compleat your Happineſs.* He follow'd thoſe Words with a River of Tears, with which he bath'd her Hands, holding 'em in his, and kiſſing 'em every Moment.

Then *Querouaille* ſeeming to make no Difficulty of believing the Count's Sincerity, he went Home with great Joy and Satisfaction; who entering his Chamber, and ſending for Madam *Sedieres*, he no ſooner ſaw her,
but

but in a great Paſſion he ſaid, *Have you forgot who you are, and who I am? And do you thus uſe the Kindneſs I have ever had for you? Ungrateful Wretch! Is this the reſpect you ought to have for me? D'ye think I am ignorant of your hot-headed Temerity; in prying into my Actions, and beating up my Quarters? You have had the Impudence to abuſe a Perſon whom I Honour and Eſteem, on the Account of a dear Friend who now courts her for his Lady. Go, dread my Anger! And know, that I'll never forgive the Trick you have play'd me as long as I live. And if ever, hereafter, you offer to ſtir a Step out of the Houſe, without my Conſent, and without letting me know whither you are going, you may aſſure your ſelf you ſhall never enter it again.* The Count ſpoke this with an Air, that made ſuch an Impreſſion on the Mind of his old Miſtreſs, that ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, ask'd his Pardon a thouſand Times, and proteſted ſhe would by no means riſe, till he had promis'd to forgive her the Crime ſhe had raſhly committed, and that he would never abandon her. He

was so touch'd with that Submission, that he immediately took her off her Knees, and embracing her, told her once for all, that he entirely left the Management of his whole House and Servants to her; but that as for his private Affairs, he desir'd her never to intermeddle nor trouble her Head about 'em, except he had a Mind she should. Thus having made up the Breach between him and Madam *Sedieres*, and thereby render'd himself absolute Master over her, he went the next Day in the Evening to visit Madam *Louise de Querouaille*, who was that Morning gone to *Versailles*, from which Court she procur'd Recommendations to the Court of *England*, where she soon arriv'd to the Honour of being Royal Mistress to King *Charles* the Second, a good humour'd Prince, that lov'd any of his Female Subjects, according to this Character of Mr. *Butler*, in his Posthumous Works,

Go on, brave C—s, and if thy Back,
As well as Lust, but holds thee tack,
Most

Moſt of thy Court, in time, much rather
Than call thee King, will call thee Father;
For ſuch a Crowd of Sp——s D——s,
With empty Heads, and tawny Looks,
Will plague thy Throne, that all thy

[Places
Muſt be ingroſs'd by graceleſs Graces;
Thy Court be fill'd with B—ſt—d Bro—
[thers,

Begot on mercenary Mothers.
Moſt kindly taken for their Charms,
From Cellars into Monarch's Arms.

The French Count being thus jilt-
ed, did what he could to forget her;
ſo recovering his former Tranquili-
ty, he reſolv'd to go Home directly,
and make up the Matter in good Ear-
neſt with his faithful Madam Sedieres.
When he was arriv'd at Home, he ap-
pear'd much better humour'd than he
had been of late to his firſt Miſtreſs;
and without doubt Madam Querouaille
was much better pleas'd with her
laſt Gallant, who allow'd her one
thouſand Pounds a Week, out of
which ſhe might very well afford to
make Guinea Pies: On which the laſt
quoted Poet thus Hints,

The

The M——rch, tho' in Pocket low,
 B'ing Proud, at his Expence to know,
 What Diff'rence Nature had begot,
 Betwixt a French and English T—t,
 Takes a gay Tit from France to mount,
 The Cast off of a Paris Count;
 With Apple Face, and slender Waist,
 All over Filt, yet looking Chast;
 With her the M——rch next agreed,
 To pleasure his Adult'rous Bed,
 That he might know the Worth and

[Nature

Of French Commodities the better.

This Madam, with her nimble Scut,
 Now Tosses Monarchy about,
 And from the Pockets of his Breeches,
 Shakes out the R---l G-----y's Riches,
 Thus like a true experienc'd W——,
 Ev'n keep her very Keeper Poor.
 Nor has he yet the Sence to see,
 How much his Generosity
 Dishonours His M——ch Station,
 And makes him slighted by the Nation.
 Whilst she her Country to Advance,
 Sends Golden Pies from hence to France
 And Ships the M---rch of our Isle,
 To enrich her own dear Native Soil.

She

She had not been long in *England*, before ſhe was made Baroneſs of P——, Counteſs of F——, and Dutcheſs of P——, having one Son ſurviving, the preſent Duke of R——, by King *Charles* the Second; after whoſe Death ſhe went to *France* again to end her Days; but is lately come to *England*.

*King Charles the Second, and
the Dutcheſs of C——.*

THIS Royal Concubine, who was married to the Earl of *Caſtlemain* in her young Days, was a Lady of admirable Beauty, in which ſhe moſt excell'd all others of her Sex; and of which Fame had ſpoke ſo loud, that King *Charles* the Second to have a Sight of her Perſon, went one Day to dine with her Husband at her Houſe, where being alſo in her Company, the Monarch found himſelf abſolutely conquer'd by the Charms of her Wit and Converſation, which
were

were as irresistable as 'those of her Face and Beauty, in both which she appear'd so Illustrious, that His Majesty was straight made a Prisoner by her, and fast fetter'd in the golden Chains of Love.

After this Visit, the King was so uneasie, that nothing could divert him till he could see her Ladyship alone; to this end he courted all Opportunities to enjoy her Company in Private. At last he obtain'd his Desire, and entertaining her with Discourses of Love, he soon found they were no less acceptable to the Countess, than her Conversation was to him. Thus they continu'd for some Time, at this first Interview in Private, courting each other with amorous Glances and melancholy Sighs, the Dumb but powerful Rhetorick of ardent Lovers; till at length His Majesty in express Terms discover'd his Passion to her, at which she seem'd very much surpriz'd; but having recover'd herself, told him, she was at His Majesty's Command to do as His Royal Pleasure directed. This coming Expression inspiring the King
with

with unſpeakable Raptures, and incited him to ſay, *I love my faireſt Caſtlemain ; I love, and no Reward is valuable with me but what gives me your Heart, or robs me of my Life ; if your Kindneſs bids me live, I live your Servant ; or your Frowns at the ſame Minute, commands me to die your Martyr.* The Counteſs bluſh'd, and what Modesty would not then ſuffer her to utter in Words, ſhe ſpoke in her languishing Eyes, and abrupt Sighs ; ſaying afterwards, *Live, dread Sovereign ! Live ; and let that cruel Woman be for ever forſaken who bids her Lover die.* At this the King took Heart, and purſu'd his Amours with ſo vigorous an Attack, that the Lady made a willing Surrender ; and promis'd, That the Heart he had ſo bravely conquer'd, ſhould ever be the Trophy of his Victory.

The King having thus gain'd the Assurance of *Caſtlemain's* Affections, he frequently made an Assault upon her Virtue, with all the ſpecious Pretensions of Affection that Love could inſpire him with. The Counteſs, who had already yielded up her Heart to
the

the King, thought the Sacred Trust of her Honour might be repos'd in the same Breast, with equal Sincerity: Thus with kind Carelles and wanton Dalliances, did His Majesty rob her of her Chastity, and with the Sighs of a languishing Lover, she exchanged the Native Innocence of her Soul for Shame and Folly, in which they so much delighted, that by the frequent Repition of their unlawful Pleasures, that she seem'd to Glory in her Criminal Amours; which so griev'd her Husband the Earl of *Castlemain*, that to shroud his Disgrace, he went beyond the Sea, and there died.

Not long after her afflicted Lord's voluntary Exile, the King created her Dutcheß of C——, and had three Sons by His Majesty, namely, the Duke of G——, the Duke of N——, and the Duke of S——, which last two are still surviving; but the other was kill'd at the Siege of *Cork* in *Ireland*. Though her incomparable Beauty compell'd all that saw it, to account her the Paragon of her Sex, yet was she of an incontinent

continent and luſtful Temper; but the King ſaw not this Deformity; for the Luſtre of her Eyes, and the bright Glories of her beauteous Form, had ſo much dazled his, that he could ſcarce believe ſhe was falſe to him, though he caught Enſign C—— in Bed with her: And without doubt there was a greater Familiarity than ought to have been, betwixt her and Goodman the Player, who when Queen Catharine went one Night to the Theatre in *Bridgesſtreet*, to ſee him act the Part of *Alexander* the Great, which was his Maſter-Piece, and the Curtain was drawn up as ſoon as Her Maſteſty was ſeated in her Box, he order'd it to be let down again, becauſe the Dutcheſs of *Cleveland* was not yet come, and ſwore, *That if the Play-Houſe was fill'd with Queens from top to bottom, he would not tread the Stage till her Grace came*, who coming preſently after, the Play as inſtantly began; but for a farther Character of this inſatiate Dutcheſs, hear what the ingenious Mr. *Butler*, in his Poſthumous Works, ſays in the following Lines.

A third more beauteous than the rest
 That prov'd a Snake in Royal Breast,
 Was rais'd, for hum'ring his Debauches,
 From a lew'd C——fs to a D——fs;
 But being troubl'd, as some say,
 With such an Itch that none could lay,
 She cou'd not be content alone
 To bind her Honour to the Throne,
 But loving well the am'rous Sport,
 Turn'd Prostitute to half the Court:
 Nor wou'd her G——ce confine her Fa-

[cours,
 To their weak sarfeited Endeavours,
 But search'd both Play-houses and Fairs,
 For Dancers of the Ropes and Players,
 Such that would drudge as hard to earn
 The Pence, as Threshers in a Barn,
 Exert their Strength, and strain their
 [Sinews,
 For a green Purse half fill'd with Gui-

[neas.
 This made the Court as mad as Devils,
 To find they had such scoundrel Rivals;
 That they to be reveng'd upon her,
 Whisper'd to R——y the Dishonour
 Done him by such a jilting H——sy,
 Who'd so abus'd her T——zy—m——zy.
 This made the King at once resign her,
 Altho' he never had a finer.

However,

However, the Dutcheſs of C——
—d had well feather'd her Neſt ;
and liv'd in great State and Grandure long after the Death of her royal Cully ; when handſome *Fielding* being in great Want of Money, to ſupply him in his Extravagancy of Whoring and Drinking, he was up to the Ears in Love with her Grace, or her Coyn, gueſs which you pleaſe, for now ſhe was turn'd of threſcore ; nevertheless, he aſſiduouſly courted her, and having Confidence to tempt a Nun, if once his Breſt was warm'd with the Heats of Paſſion and Deſire, he told her Grace, That her Beauty being ſtill alone able to ſubdue an Empire, and her Wit to command it, the Influence thereof had ſo captivated his Heart, that he was intirely her humble Servant for ever. Every Day he purſu'd his Courtſhip with great Earneſtneſs ; and what with his amorous Smiles and Glances, and all thoſe little Services of Flattery, which might render him grateful to her, he at laſt got ſuch an Influence over her Affections, that they were contracted,

ed, and made sure of each other, before the Ceremonies of the Church had confirm'd their Vows.

In a little time handsome *Fielding* and the Dutcheſs were enter'd into the State of Matrimony, when her Spouſe being in Poſſeſſion of all ſhe had, he did not only follow his old Extravagances of ſpending all he could get on Wine and Women, but he miſus'd her with a great deal of ill Manners; as beating her Grace, riſing her Trunks, and locking her up a-days without Suſtenance to ſtarve her. Hereupon, the Dutcheſs highly reſenting his Unkindneſs, ſhe had him up with a Warrant before the Lord Chief Juſtice *Holt*, who committed him to *Newgate*, till he could give Sureties for his good Behaviour; then the Dutcheſs alſo underſtanding, that her Husband had another Wife living, namely, Mrs. *Mary Wadſworth*, whom he had Married formerly for a great Fortune, but prov'd a Cheat, for ſhe was not the ſame Perſon that was repreſented to be, her Grace had him try'd for *Polygamy*, at Juſtice-Hall in the Old-Baily;

Bailly; where the Marriage with the aforeſaid *Mary Wadſworth* and *Barbara Dutcheſs of C —*, both then living, being plainly prov'd againſt him, the Jury found him guilty of having two Wives, the Court paſt Sentence upon him to be burnt in the Hand; but that Punishment was reſpited by the Pardon of *Queen Anne*, which he produc'd out of his Pocket, and ſhew'd the Judges on the Bench: however, the Dutcheſs thereby got rid of an unkind Husband, and next ſu'd out a Divorce in *Doctors-Commons*. Soon after handſome *Fielding* was reduc'd to great Indigency, being a Priſoner a long time in the *Fleet*; from whence he had not obtain'd his Liberty many Months, before he departed this mortal Life; and the Dutcheſs of *Cleveland* did not long ſurvive him, who died in 1710, near the 70th Year of her Age: how penitent I know not; but this I may ſay of her Grace, Had her Honour and Chſtity, equall'd her Wit and Beauty, thoſe Accompliſhments would have made her an Angel on Earth, and a Saint in Heaven.

Philogines and Meretricia.

THIS noted Gentlewoman, on whom we bestow the feign'd Name of *Meretricia*, was the only Daughter of a Gentleman in the City of *Normich*, who, by hawking and hunting, and other Recreations, having consum'd a very plentiful Estate, and left his Wife and Child in a low Condition. However, the incomparable Charms of her Beauty, set off with other Accomplishments, procur'd her many humble Servants; among whom an eminent Knight richer than the rest, admiring her charming and agreeable Conversation, he was forc'd, maugre all Efforts, to submit to the superior Power of Love. He consider'd her attentively every time he saw her, and found her Beauty so incomparable perfect, that the more he gaz'd on her, the more he admir'd her; and his Passion grew from great to greater.

His Passion was too vehement to go off; therefore discovering it to a
partly

particular Friend, in whom he could confide, it was propos'd that he should break the Matter to Meretricia's Mother, and acquaint her that he would Marry her Daughter, if she was willing to consent to the Match. Accordingly, the Confident, in this Amour went to the Old Gentlewoman's House, the next Day; where, at Dinner, he said, Madam, I am come to inform you of the Happiness which attends both you and your Daughter; and, provided you give Credit to what I say, and lay aside all Scruples, I here promise you, your Fortune is made. You know, Madam, added he, that I have always been your Friend, and ever taken a Pleasure in rendering you any Service. As I believe, you are sufficiently persuaded of this Truth, I desire you to hearken a little to what I am going to say to you. There is a Gentleman in this City, who is a Man of singular Probity, and enjoys an Estate of 5000 Pounds a Year. You have already seen him your self in this very House, and he loves your Daughter even to Despair. Nor is there anything he would not undertake to obtain her mutual Affection.

section. For the rest, I can assure you,
 that his Sentimentes are united and invi-
 olable; and that he really designs to make
 the fair Meretricia one Day his Wife.
 In the mean while, he desires that you
 grant him leave to come and see your
 Daughter; and declare to her the vio-
 lent Passion he has entertain'd in her be-
 half. For this Reason he has pitch'd up-
 on me for his Confident; and moreover,
 charg'd me to tell you, that it is only in
 your Power to determine, whether he
 shall be happy or miserable. This is what
 I have to say to you; and now, what
 remains but for to tell me your Thoughts
 upon the Matter? Why, my Thoughts,
 answer'd the Gentlewoman, are ex-
 actly conformable to yours in this Point;
 provided only, that your Words are ac-
 company'd with Sincerity. If the Gen-
 tleman, you talk of, does but act like a
 loyal Lover, as you make me hope he
 will, I shall willingly leave the whole
 Matter to Providence, relying entirely
 upon you. And as the Daughter ex-
 press'd no manner of Dislike, the Con-
 fident appointed a Rendezvous be-
 tween her and the Knight for to-
 morrow, that they might settle all
 Things

Things to the Satisfaction of both Parties.

Matters being brought to this pass, the Hour appointed drew near, when the Knight going to his Sweet-hearts House, was introduced into the Parlour, where taking her by the Hand, kist it, and not being able to express himself to her in Words at present, he convinc'd her, by his Eyes, how far the Sight of her transported him. The charming *Meretricia*, though she appear'd bawful, gave him evident Proofs, how much she reckon'd upon the Felicity his Friend, as well as her pretended one too, had flatter'd her withal. The Lover made the same Compliment to the Mother, as to the Daughter, after which they sat down, and began to discourse the Point. In a word, the Result of the Conference was, that he should Marry the young Gentlewoman, as soon as his Affairs would permit; and farther, that if, when he had Married her, if he should carry her into his own Country, which was *Suffolk*, the adjoining County to theirs, he should like

her Mother along with
 concluded from these
 Words, that they studied in the
 Night what Conditions to put
 to him; and that what his Con-
 fident had said to them the Day be-
 fore, had made too great an Impres-
 sion on their Minds. The Knight
 was too much wrapt up with the
 charming *Meretricia*, to deliberate,
 a Moment, upon the Proposals offer'd
 him, but, without the least Hesi-
 tation, subscrib'd to all their Demands,
 and gave both the Mother and the
 Daughter his Hand, for the Perfor-
 mance of the Conditions stipulated.
 After they had chatted some Time,
 he presented the Daughter a rich Di-
 amond Ring, and the Mother a fine
 Gold Watch, recommending it to
 her to take care of his dear little
 Wife, whom he held, all this while,
 by the Hand, and fixt a thousand
 Kisses on her Lips, before they
 parted.

The young Knight being very rich,
 he was in a Condition to act the ge-
 nerous Part, by his dear *Meretricia*,
 whom he never fail'd of visiting three

or four times a Week. They soon came to a good Understanding of one another; so that having repeated to her, the Assurances given her by his Confident, she abandon'd herself entirely to him. 'Tis absolutely impossible to represent all the Charms which he found in that lively Object! Never did Mortal (he thought) see any Thing so perfect and accomplisht! In a Word, such was his Happiness, that he easily lost the Memory of all the Pleasures he had tasted before, and which appear'd to be nothing, compar'd with those he enjoy'd with his dear *Meretricia*. He continued in the peaceable Enjoyment of that lovely Person, for the Space of fourteen Months; which, far from taking of the Edge of his Love, did so enflame and augment his Passion, daily, that he neglected all other Company, to prove a fatal Slave to Cupid, and his Mother *Meretricia*. Now the Knight not performing his Bargain with his Confident, to whom he gave but 50 Guineas instead of a 100, which he was to have for bring-

ing this Intrigue about, he was so exasperated at this Breach of Promise, that he discover'd to the old Gentlewoman how he was Married to a Lady, who liv'd at his Seat near *Ipswich*: a little after going to visit *Meretricia*, how was she confounded at the Sight of him! She scream'd out, and fell into a Fit in her Mothers Arms. Her charming Cheeks which before would have eclips'd the Glories of the Lillies and Roses, were immediately o'erspread with a frightful Paleness; and her whole Body was like Ice, and without any Symptom of Life, but by the means of some reviving Liquids that were given her to drink, she began to recover her Spirits; whereupon, having rubb'd her Temples and Nostrils with *Hungary Water*, till she began to open her Eyes, the Knight (who now guess'd all was discover'd) throwing himself upon his Knees at her Bed-side, he said, *Thus prostrate at your Feet, my ador'd Meretricia, I lie, do heed the Subject of your Alarms; and if I am so miserable, as to have been the Cause of 'em,*

I'll invent such a Method of Punishment for my self, as shall entirely convince you, that my will had not the least Share in't. I am willing to believe, reply'd she, that the blind Passion you had for me, did nor permit you to consider the deplorable State to which you were going to reduce me; but then, continued she, could you make choice of none but me, I would fain know, to allay your devilish Heat? What will become of me, unfortunate Wretch that I am! And since I can't be your Wife, what will become of the Fruits of your criminal Amours? Alas! miserable Woman that I am, my Loss is irretrievable! My Wound incurable! nor will all my Tears and Despair avail, to the taking away of my sullied Virtue. Ungrateful Man! Thus to deceive me! But yes, you have deceiv'd me! And all my innocent and faithful Love is to expect no better Fate, than that of a dark, gloomy Despair! Yes, I say! And if I were not in the Condition I am in, I'd e'er now have put a stop to the Cause of my unfortunate Days.

These Strokes toucht the Knight to the Quick, and penetrated even to his inmost Soul; moreover the ex-

stream Grief and Sorrow of *Meretricia* brought her Labour on a sudden upon her, and that Night she was deliver'd of a Boy, which died soon after; as also her Mother, before she was up again. This Piece of News affected the Knight very much, who went to visit her, and approaching her Bed-Side, all over trembling, quoth he, *My Dear, Meretricia! Take Courage, and set not your Loss too much to Heart! I am as sensible of it as you; and, therefore, we ought to comfort one another. Come, I hope, we shall be happier for the Future. At present we must take care to get you well again; for your Health is the greatest Jewel I have in the World.* As soon as the charming *Meretricia* was happily got up again, he brought her to *London*, where he took Lodgings for her in *St James'-Street*, and scarce a Day past but he went to see her, which News cost his own Wife who was a very fine Woman too, many a Sigh and Tear: But he had afterwards his Share of Grief in his Turn. For the Fame of her Beauty reaching the Ears of one *Philogines*, a Gentleman more superior in Wealth and

and Power than the Knight, such private Intrigues was privately carried on between him and *Meretricia*, that he obtain'd her to himself in less than six Weeks; when the first Lover going one Day to see his beloved Lady, as having been in the Country about a Fortnight, the Landlady gave him the Keys, and told him, That the Gentlewoman had given it her the Day before, in the Morning, and desir'd her to deliver it into his own Hands, in Case he came to Town. Though he was like one Thunder-struck at that News, yet he had too much Government of himself to fall under it; wherefore he open'd the Door and went into the Chamber, where he found the Nest, but his Bird was flown. However, casting by chance his Eyes upon the Table, he saw a Letter directed to him, which entirely convinc'd him of the fair *Meretricia's* Elopement. Having open'd it, he read as follows,

Too long, perfidious Wretch! Too long, have you abus'd my Plainness and Innocency! I have at last, discover'd what you so studiously endeavour'd to conceal from

me! But this, alas! To my Sorrow, after it had cost my poor Mother her Life, your own Son his, and scarce suffer'd me to escape with mine. And is it, then, at this Price, vile Man! That thou purchasest thy filthy and criminal Pleasure! Go, cruel Parricide! And carry with thee for ever the poyant Thought of having basely betray'd the unfortunate Meretricia. For my Part, I'll leave this detestable Abode, and hide my self from the Sight of you. And that I may the sooner efface thy Perfidiousness from my Remembrance, I leave it to Heaven's Justice, to punish thee according to thy Deserts. But this, for thy Tranquility, I wish, that thou may'st forget me, with the same Ease, with which I leave thee. Adieu.

One may easily imagine to what a Pitch of Madness, or rather, to what a Depth of Dispair, this Letter drove him. While he was agitated with a thousand dismal Apprehensions, he cry'd to himself, Well, I'm ruin'd; Meretricia is no longer mine! But has abandon'd me in good Earnest, and left me Pitiless! A Prey to my Dispair! Was it thus, cruel Woman! That you must deal by a Man who has given you so many

ny repeated Marks of the most sincere and violent Passion! Is this all the Respect I deserv'd at your Hands? But all his Exclamations were in vain; for she was now carress'd in the Embraces of *Philogines*, who settled on her twenty five thousand Pounds per *Annum*, out of the forfeited Estates in *Terra Scelesta*, which should have been bestow'd upon them, who had ventur'd their Lives in reducing the Rebels of that abominable Country; but a wise Senate taking into Consideration what Service *Meretricia* had done for such a large Pension, they shorten'd it to five thousand Pounds a Year, which was Money enough for conscionable Woman, for only turning up her Tail; and without doubt she had sav'd enough whilst *Philogines* was alive, to keep her handsomly, as long as Fate should please the Permission of her surviving him,

Meretricia was of a ready quick Wit, and full of Humour, but of a covetous Disposition, as may be perceiv'd by her taking the Air in *St. James's-Park*, when a certain Earl going to Masquerade, and thereupon

had disguis'd himself as an ordinary Gentleman, insomuch that she did not know him, he forthwith accosts her, and bestowing some Flights upon her in miscalling her Eyes by the Name of Stars, and her Face a Heaven, he beg'd she would please to honour him so far as to drink a Bottle of Wine at his Cost, which he should take as so transcending a Glory, that no Felicity be every enjoy'd in the World could in the least compare therewith; to which Bombast the Lady reply'd, What do you take me for Mr. Fop, do you think I am Meat for a Quack, or some Attorney that hath learnt a few Phrases out of the *Academy of Complements*, and blusters as if you had come from the Inns of Court or *Whitehall*? I'll assure you, Madam, says our Spark, you wrong me extreamly, for I was born, and have been bred a Gentleman; nor was Nature less bountiful unto me in those inward Endowments she hath conferred upon me; for I have been esteem'd (though I say it, who should not) an excellent Poet, as the World goes now; then Sir, says the Lady, you
are

are scarce for my Turn neither; for Poets have generally but little of what I want most. Is it nothing, reply'd he, Madam, to have your Name made Deathless in my Immortal Lines, to be call'd the Fair, the Bright, the lovely charming *Sylvia*, *Chloe*, *Belinda*, *Phyllis*, *Sabrina*, Goddess of my Heart, Angel, Light of my Eyes, Day-Star of my Happiness, Phœnix of your Sex, Flower of the World, Soul of my Soul's Life. Hold, says the Lady, no more pray Sir, of these Poetical Raptures, I see you are enriched with. Thanks, dearest Lady, says he, 10000——Not Words, I beseech you, good Sir, replies she, for unless they could give me a Supper, or buy me Hoods, Scarfs, or Linnen, I cannot receive them as current Money; but if you have any Coin, I am, Sir, for you. Faith Madam, I have that too, and shews a Purse full of Gold. Now, Sir, says the Lady, I like you well, and believe you a Gentleman. It's well any thing, says he, will soften that obdurate Heart, and enter into that adamantine Bosom of yours. Oh! Sir, says she,

she, you know what your Forefathers reported of *Jove*, how he melted himself into a Shower of the same Metal, to attain *Danae*; and none of his Subjects but may prevail on our feeble Sex, if they take the same Course. My dear Poetical Rogue, crys the amorous Gallant, inspir'd with the Fancy, how well do our Humours suit, I can but think what a Herd of Poets could I get out of this sweet Corps of thine. Very amorous at first starting out, pursues our Lady, sure Sir, you'll tire e'er you reach the Goal. Never, Madam, while I have your Encouragement. That shall not be wanting, replies the Lady, thus while he began to be sportive, she fairly led him to her Lodging, where (quoth she) such Importunities as yours so generous, Sir, should not lose of their Prevalency, did I believe that you would not your self condemn a Stranger, and one that had never the Happiness of seeing you till this Minute, should she consent to what you seem to desire; nor can I, dear Sir, conceal my Blushes for what I have admitted already, and must rather

rather beg your Pardon for what is past, than add to a Score I shall never be in a Capacity to discharge. Discharge! Madam, cries our wounded Spark, what, the trifling Matter of presenting you a few Guineas, which I do not value, if they were another hundred. Is there any thing on Earth but the Value of your Presence would not compensate? If such you esteem it, you may, Sir, command me (says the Lady) for an Hour or two, being under the Security of your Generosity, and very sensible that your Intents are honourable. But this seeming Modesty of hers could not give his Desires the least Rest, without their intire Satisfaction, which he would now seize, altho' she would have put him off, by telling him the Inconveniences of the Place, and the Danger of a Surprise, which, for all the World, she would not be taken in. However, the Gallant being all Rapture, Love and Fire, he so far prevail'd on her easy, affable Temper, and good Humour, as to get her to condescend to the consummating of their Amours; for which she was
very

very well paid, considering it was but one Night's Lodging for one hundred and seven Pounds, ten Shillings.

General Foulkes and Madam Howard.

LOVE is such a predominant Passion, that it oftentimes makes Children unadvisedly act Things unknown to their Parents, as it appears by this Gentlewoman, who being a rich Heiress, married one Mr. Howard, a Gentleman descended of a very good Family, but having little or no Estate, for he was addicted too much to Gaming to have any Thing by him; the Match was so dislik'd by her Father, that he turn'd her out of Doors without any Passion at all. Nevertheless, as to his Daughter, her Husband had so many winning Ways, where he design'd to please, and had so entirely gain'd his Wife's Heart, that all her Joys and Wishes only centring in him, and her self at present
wanting

wanting for nothing, she liv'd very contentedly for some Time. Many People had been employ'd about her Father, every Thing had been try'd to soften his Heart, and nothing had been neglected that was moving; but when Mr. *Howard* saw, that after a Trial of two Years, neither Letters nor Friends could get any Access to his Father-in-law, and that he would never so much as hear any Thing in his Daughter's Behalf, then he began to despair and repent of his Bargain.

They had one Child, and his Wife was ready to lie in of another; the Charges encreased, and Cash growing low, he, the better to support his Extravagancies Abroad, pinch'd his Wife's usual Allowance, and stinted the Family at Home: But no sooner was this hellish Project framed, but to carry on his Design, he presently not only allow'd her more, but likewise alter'd his Humour, bought her new Cloaths, and treated her again as civilly as ever. The poor Woman ravish'd to see this Change, shew'd her Joy and Satisfaction with all the endearing Expressions that Love or Grati-

Gratitude could invent. One Day talking by themselves, after a diverting Discourse, he smilingly look'd upon her with great Attention, commended her Face, and in a Lover's Phrase, taking Notice of every particular Grace and Feature that was Handsome in it, he kiss'd her, and putting her in Mind of several Pleasures past, at the Remembrance of which could not forbear Blushing; when the Blood had tainted her Cheeks, and he thought her moving, laying hold of her Neck, *My Dear, says he, thou hast Charms enough to be the Mistress of a King;* and in the same Breath extolling the Generosity of a Person which was General Foulkes, noted for Lewdness and Inconstancy, told her his Fortune was made if she would not oppose it; for that Gentleman would give him a Captain's Commission in his own Regiment, and as Opportunity serv'd Advance him Higher as fast as he could.

Madam Howard, who had never one single Thought that rov'd from her Husband, since she had first seen him, being as much in Love with him as ever,

ver, neither minded what Man he prais'd, nor the infernal Plot that he was contriving against her Honour; and thinking nothing was couch'd under his Words but some kind pretty Turn of virtuous Love, remain'd in the same Posture, and reply'd, looking with all the Kindness she was capable of, *Can you doubt, my Dear, of being Happy, whenever it shall be in my Power to make you so?* He bid her be as good as her Promise, and after few Words more went out, and left her extraordinary well pleas'd with having seen her Husband in so contented and loving a Humour. In the Evening he came back, and carried her to the Playhouse, where seeing General *Foulkes* he talk'd of, he dwelt a long while on his Wit, and other good Qualities. For three or four Days he hardly left her an Hour, and continued giving her all the Pleasure he could think of; but the Substance of all the Discourse he entertain'd her with, was a Panegyrick upon all manner of Vice and Profaneness, ridiculing the Sinfulness of Adultery and unlawful Love; preaching up for all
Obsce-

Obscenity, and making use of the same Arguments, as if he had been debauching another Man's Wife: He told her how little he could ever be Guilty of Jealousy; and that Friends might be communicative in every Thing; that it must be a Churl, or a Fool, that should like his own Garden the worse because another had been there, tho' he had rob'd it of nothing, nor left so much as a Foot-step behind him: As for his Part, he thought no more harm in it than in Drinking with a Man out of the same Cup. Madam Howard was but young, for though by this Time she had two Children, she was not Nineteen yet; and being thus prepar'd, was brought to the Person her Husband had promis'd her to. Her Husband, who was with her, had order'd her not to be starcht, but merry and free, and appear as Gay as she could; and after having stay'd a little while, pretending he was sent for upon an extraordinary Occasion, he withdrew, and left her, promising to come again presently, but return'd not till it was late, and Time to go Home. The Company parted, and
in

in a Month's Time the Gallant had often the same Opportunity of Madam Howard's Conversation by her Husband's procuring. She had a good Voice, and danced very well; and the General who had lik'd her more than any he knew, when he had only seen her, now charm'd likewise with her Company, began really to love her. His Courtship was very troublesome to Madam Howard; she shew'd her Husband that it was not without Reluctancy whenever she was forc'd to see him; he telling her that he would not for the World disoblige him, she suffer'd him to say what he pleas'd, and gave it a hearing; but both the Spark and the Husband seeing they could gain no Ground on her, the latter one Day resolv'd to try more effectual Means, and promising the General that he should be satisfy'd, desir'd him to come to his House the next Morning early.

That same Night Mr. Howard came Home Drunk; and being always very abusive, he upbraided his Wife with her running away from a Father and Mother, and ruining a Husband; railing

railing at her as long as his Tongue coul wag, till he drop'd a Sleep. Next Morning as soon as he open'd his Eyes, looking on her with a stern Countenance, he told her, last Night I suppose I rav'd, but now I'll be very serious; there is nothing in this World more scandalous than to be without Money; if I had thought that I should have none with you, I would never have married you. This has been a great Disappointment to me, yet I have not valu'd it as long as I could procure a Plenty by my own Industry. It has cost me above a thousand Pounds since I have had you; as you have had your Share in the Spending, what can be more reasonable, since the getting any more any way is impracticable, than that you should likewise endeavour to do something for your Living, when I shew you that the Method is as safe as it is easie. The General, from whom I expect every Thing, sighs for you, and adores you; a Husband desires you to be yielding and complaisant; yet you remain obstinate and ill-natur'd, to hinder the Felicity of both. I have
given,

given you Hints enough, by which you might have understood my Pleasure: Would you have me to be more plain? Let him lie with you, and you'll oblige me; if not, I can keep you no longer; turn out with your Brats.

While this damnable Doctrine was broaching, a Servant open'd the Door, and told him General Foulkes was below. Mr. Howard bid her desire him to walk up, and shew him into the Dining-Room, and when she was gone, squeezing his Wife by the Hand, he told her, you once said, I needed not doubt of being happy, if you could make me so, now is the Time, shew it, adding these Words, while he slip'd on his Night-Gown, and if your Conscience be so foolishly scrupulous as to boggle at Sin, there is no Occasion of committing any, unless you have mind to it; for it being an Act of the Soul, it is in your Power to prevent it, by having no lustful Thoughts; let him do what he pleases, and you think what you will. At the latter end of this Sentence, he jump'd out of Bed, and
after

after he had let the General into the Chamber, pointing to his Wife, said, there lies a foolish Carrion, that has been crying this half Hour, and I can't tell you at what; she's very ticklish under the short Ribs, I wish your Honour would try if you can't make her laugh; then without staying for any Answer, went out the same Door the General was come in at, and immediately lock'd it after him.

Madam Howard, when he began to talk to her first, hearken'd to him very attentively, till becoming as he call'd it, more plain with her, she saw that there was no room to doubt of his damnable Meaning, and then she was so overwhelm'd with Grief at the Thoughts of the unheard of Treachery, of the Man she lov'd with such a violent Passion, she was not able to utter a Word; and the Tears not dropping, but flowing from her Eyes in Streams, wept so bitterly, sobbing and wringing her Hands, with all the Signs of a profound and real Sorrow, that any Man but her Husband would have had Compassion on her. When her Husband had lock'd

lock'd the Door, whilst the Gallant was eagerly coming to the Bed-Side, protesting that he lov'd her as he did his Soul, and design'd her no more Harm than he did himself; she had wrap'd herself up in the Bed Cloaths, as well as the Time would permit; and as he took her in one Arm, and endeavour'd to get his other Hand between herself and the Sheet, she made a very vigorous Defence; for though she could not hinder him from often kissing, not only her Face, but several other Parts of her Body, as by her struggling they came to be bare, yet by her Nimbleness in shifting her Posture, and employing his Hands so well with her own, they could never attain to the Liberty they chiefly strove for: She neither made great Noise, bit or scratch'd, but appear'd so resolute, and her Resistance was made with so much Eagerness, and in such good Earnest, that the amorous Spark seeing there was nothing to be done without breaking her Hands, and coming to downright brutish Force, and being pretty well tir'd let go his hold, and came to
Persua-

Persuasions: Madam *Howard* not slipping this Opportunity, got with one Hand a Petticoat over her Head, whilst she snatch'd up her Gown with the other, and throwing it about her, flung herself with all the Strength she had, to the other Side of the Bed, and from thence upon the Floor. The General either not willing to come to a greater Extremity, or perhaps not finding himself in a Condition of going through the Fatigues of a Rape, offer'd no farther Violence at present; but her Husband coming in again, and understanding the General had not debauch'd his Wife, with his drawn Sword in his Hand he was going to wound her, and swore he would cut her in a thousand Pieces if she would not surrender her Virtue to his Friend; so both joyning their Force together, the Husband ty'd her Hands and held her Legs, whilst the General made him a Cuckold before his Face.

Being now rob'd of her Honour, she bore such an Aversion and Hatred to her Husband, that when by his Permission the General came to visit her

her the next Day in Private, she told him, to be reveng'd on the Injury lately offer'd to her, by the Assistance of one that ought to have vindicated her Virtue with the Hazard of his Life, she would willingly be at his Honour's Command, provided he would not advance her Husband to any Post. The General accepted of her Offer with all his Heart, and being to go in an Expedition against the *French* in the *West-Indies* in a little while, he took Madam Howard along with him. The Husband seeing himself thus chow's'd out of his Commission, which was promis'd him, and his Wife too, for meer Vexation of both Losses together, he very fairly hang'd himself. As the General was returning to *England* again, he died at Sea, and was thrown over board; when Madam Howard being driven to some Extremity by the Death of her Gallant, she was oblig'd to turn common to several Officers, till she arriv'd in *England*, and from thence came up to *London*, where one Time casting her Eye on a Country Gentleman, and thinking him by his Garb a Piece of

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Squire-

Squireship fit for her Management, crosses the Street just before him, and feigning a Stumble, she falls just by the Squire, whose Assistance she immediately had to restore her to her Feet, which Kindness she with a sort of a forced Blush readily accepts of, and returns Thanks for the Favour; at which the 'Squire (being much taken with her Face and seeming Modesty) bestows a Compliment upon her, and offer'd to go Home with her. The Lady not at all shy of his Offer, told him, *She could not but be extremely taken with a Gentleman, whose undeserved Favours she had not in the least merited, and seemed to wave the Trouble he pleased so generously to undertake in her Behalf; which he still the more urged, and said, At least, Madam, if it may not be convenient to trespass so far upon you, give me Leave to present you with a Bottle of Wine, at some Tavern where you may not be known; and assure your self, I shall not make any farther Use of this Honour, than what you shall please at any Minute to put a stop to, by the least of your Inclinations, that the same is not agreeable to your Pleasure.*

Impor-

Importunities so generous, should not, says
the Lady, *lose of their Prevalency; for*
granting him his Request, they re-
pair'd to the Half-Moon Tavern in
the Strand, where our Squire was no-
thing but Love, and the Lady Design.
In short they drank heartily, and fro-
licked away a Brace of Hours, in
which time the Squire had trespassed
above Knee, and found her not the
most obstinate of her Sex; for at last
she prov'd so kind, as to permit the
Squire to see her Home to her Lodg-
ings. The over-joy'd Lover a thou-
sand Times repeated his Thanks for
so great a Favour, and by many Im-
portunities forced upon his Mistress
a Diamond Ring, as a Token of his
Favour. As soon as he was arrived
at her Lodgings in a Coach, where
our Squire's Arrival was welcomed
by the Landlady of the House, and
the nearer he came to his Enjoyment
he was the more impatient; for he
could not think of Supper, till such
Time as he had seen his Dear's Cham-
ber, whither she soon convey'd him,
and there solaced themselves; but
though she was little shy of his Em-

braces, yet she gave him Liberty to use his Pleasure; which he veagerly consummated, commending her Favours; and his own good Fortune for so great a Blessing, till such Time as they were called to Supper, at which they drank very plentifully, and all imaginable Delight Crown'd their Entertainment. But here it was our subtle Lady had her Cards to Play, and put upon the Deluded Squire, whom instead of her own Lodgings, she had carried to a Bawdy-House of her Acquaintance, where Consulting with the Old Beldam, they had agreed to Opiate our Squire's Glasse, and cast him into a Drunken Sleep, the better to work their intended Cheat, which they proposed to make no less of than all the Moveables he had, which were not inconsiderable; besides the ready Gilt he had in his Pockets, which amounted to 100 Guineas, and accordingly did their Design take effect; for not suspecting the Cheat, he took off his Wine, which was so craftily Temper'd, that he fell a Sleep, and they to Search and Strip him, then array-
ing

ing him in an old Red Coat and Breeches, being the Garb of one of the standing Pimps that belong'd to the House, he and another of the same Occupation remov'd the Squire about 12 a Clock at Night into *Lamb's Conduit-Fields*, to curse his Fate, when he again came to himself. Not long after this Exploit she went to her Father's House in *Nottinghamshire* in 1694, where she died of a Fever, in the 24th Year of her Age.

King

*King Charles the Second, and
Miss Davis.*

THIS Gentlewoman was originally the Wife of one Mr. Davis, a Goldsmith in the City of York, with whom a Gentleman afterwards fell in Love; but being a younger Brother, had spent all his small Revenue, and endeavour'd by a pretty kind of Merchandizing, which he follow'd, to maintain himself like a Person of Quality. Now this Miss Davis being young and handsome, and full of Wit, seem'd to him a proper Object to become his Mistress. Nor did he want any one of those Qualities which might ingratiate him with the Ladies, save only that of being Rich, and full of Money. Nevertheless, he thought that his easy and genteel Carriage, his charming Air, his moving Eloquence, and other Accomplishments, would prove sufficient Recommendations. Accordingly he address'd himself to a Gentlewoman, who was a great Crony of Mrs. Davis;

vis; and having engag'd her, by a Piece of Money, to do him all the Service she could, with respect to his Amours, he was surpriz'd, when the Old Woman told him, the next Day, that his Mistress was haughtier and wiser than *Lucretia*; and that as for her own Part, she had been roundly abus'd for him. This did not, however, baulk the Gentleman's Fancy, who, on the contrary, watch'd all Opportunities of getting a Sight of Mrs. *Davis*, and never let a Day pass, without giving her Assurances, that he died for the Love of her.

After two or three Months admirable Patience, under the most violent Passion, Chance or Caprice made our Lover happy. Mrs. *Davis* was, with Regret, that all the Women of her Rank were dress'd in the most fashionable Mode; nor had she been wanting in her repeated Intreaties to her Spouse, to let follow the newest Fashions, and buy her a Suit in which she might appear dress'd like her Neighbours. Her Husband being a saving, industrious Man, instead of granting her Request, still represented to her,

the Burden of his Family, and the true Circumstances of his Affairs; assuring her withal, that as soon as the Cloaths, of which she had enow, were worn out, she should dress her self as she pleas'd. This Answer was so far from giving his Wife the Satisfaction she expected; that she cry'd, and complain'd, and grunted, and grumbled, and would scarce look upon her Husband, but all to no Purpose; the good Man persisted in his Care of the main Chance, without regarding either the Tears or Menaces of his Wife. The Gentleman, who was so confoundedly in Love with her, was soon let into this Secret by old Madam Crony; whereupon, he conjur'd that Bedlam, to nick the Opportunity, and to improve the Misunderstanding between his Mistress and her Spouse, into a good Understanding between her and himself, promising her, in Case she succeeded the Reward of ten Guineas. The old Woman assur'd him of her best Endeavours; and waiting her Opportunity, one Day, when Mrs. Davis has been grievously affronted by her Spouse, and was all
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in Tears, she left nothing unsaid of the Gentleman's Love, his Constancy, his Generosity: In a Word, she made so good Use of her Time, and so well improv'd the critical Minute, that, before they parted, Mrs. Davis promis'd to entertain the Gentleman one Night, while her Husband was asleep.

The Price of that Night's Lodging was agreed upon, at fifty Guineas. The Lover would have given all he was worth, to satisfy the Passion that had so long devour'd him. He promis'd to be at the Rendezvous, with all the Qualities requisite on the Friday Night following, twelve o' Clock. Upon a certain Signal, which was agreed upon, they were to introduce him into a lower Parlour, where his Mistress would be ready to receive him. In the Evening, after Business was over, the Goldsmith told his Wife, that he was very weary, and would therefore go to Bed betimes. As she had pretended to be reconcil'd, she made no scruple of obeying him; but scarce had they been an Hour in Bed, but, O! Dear, said she, with a
D 5 deep

deep Sigh, I am, certainly, the most unfortunate and hare-brain'd Woman in the World; I never once thought of having a clean Shirt iron'd for you, though you are to dine to Morrow with my Lord Mayor: I won't sleep till I have got one for you; 'twill be soon done, and then I'll come to Bed to you again. All that ever the Husband could say, to save her that Trouble, by ordering the Maid to do it, signified nothing; go she would; and he found himself under the Necessity of yielding to the Importunity of his Wife, who was a Lady of a notable Resolution. She gets up; the Gallant makes the Signal, and is introduc'd into the House; he tarry'd there the Time agreed upon; and came away so Chagrin and Melancholly for having given away so much Money for one Night's Pastime, that the very Reflection had like to have made him mad.

It was about Midsummer, and, consequently, Day-break soon after our Lover parted from his Mistress; and as he was asham'd to go Home, till he had been shav'd, and his Wig adjusted,

justed, he went into a Barber's-Shop. The Barber perceiving the Gentleman to be out of Humour, endeavour'd to divert him by all the little Puns and Tricks he could think of. The Gentleman scarce taking Notice of the Barber's Witticisms, which did not then, in the least, affect him, occasion'd *Tons* to be very importunate, to get out of him what his Pain was. The senseless Lover thinking to gain a little Heart-ease by the Bargain, makes the Barber the Confident of his Amour, but without naming Names. *Tonsor*, on the other Hand, endeavour'd to hearten him up, and promis'd to keep the Secret. In the Morning, when the Barber's Shop was full of Customers, all were told of this Adventure, and all laugh'd their Sides sore at it. The Goldsmith so often mention'd, who was a Neighbour, and very intimate with the Barber, came likewise to be shav'd, and heard the Story as well as the rest, and seem'd extreamly diverted with it. But though he laugh'd, 'twas on the wrong Side of's Mouth; for having heard all the Circumstances,

ces, of that sly Intrigue, and, upon his Return finding the Purse of fifty Guineas, as has been related, he immediately order'd his Wife to dress her self in her wedding Cloaths, and conducted her Home to her Parents; assuring them, that he was come to deliver their Daughter to 'em again; and, that he would not keep in his House, a Work-woman, who, in a Night's Time could get above fifty Pounds, by ironing a Shirt.

Soon after, their Divorce confirm'd the whole Town in the Truth of this Story; and Ballads of this Adventure were daily sung in the Streets of *York*. The Goldsmith was so much jeer'd about his Wife's Levity, that he broke his Heart, and died in a short Time: And his Wife came up to *London*, where she became an Actress on the Stage, and found Friends at Court (for Pimping and Intriguing were the only Merits for preferring a Man or Woman at *White-hall* in those Days) who prefer'd her to the lustful Embraces of King *Charles* the Second, by whom she had one Daughter, married to the Earl of *N---*.

When

When the King first made Miss Davis sensible of his Amours, he told her, *I take Pleasure in raising your Fortune, and I wish I could as easily comply to my Desire, as I am pleas'd to give new Proofs daily of my Affection for your Person.* She look'd on His Majesty with that Kindness, as would have inspir'd the most fearful with Boldness. She observ'd in his Eyes extraordinary Emotions, and all the Symptoms of Love ready to break out, whereupon her Imagination flatter'd her, all would be as she could wish from a Royal Lover. Quoth she, *I have that esteem for your Majesty, that I am not unwilling to grant what you are pleas'd to ask or command; you have done more for me, in approving the Passion I have for you, than you could have done, had you procur'd me the Empire of the Universe.* You may easily guess what Satisfaction the King receiv'd at this Explication, which she pronounc'd with a charming Air, in so much, that His Majesty reply'd, *I have no Passion now, but for the Glory of serving you to the uttermost of my Power.* And he farther said in a great Transport,

sport, *Did my Eyes never tell you what I look'd for in yours?* She answer'd, *I never had the Boldness to make any such Constructions of your Majesty's Looks, as to have thought you lov'd me.*

No sooner was Miss Davis become the King's Concubine, but the rest of his Concubines, the Dutchess of Cleaveland, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, the Dutchess of Mazarine, and Nell Gwin, were always pecking at her, as being jealous this New Mistress would Alienate the King's Affections from them: Whereupon she took occasion one Day to tell his Majesty when alone together, *Since I have the Honour to observe you are pleas'd, Sir, to look on me with a Favourable Eye, when in the presence of your other Mistresses, I have no reason to doubt of your sincere Affection for me; and all your Favours bestow'd on me hitherto, persuade me that you really Love me; therefore I must sincerely protest, that from the first Moment I saw your Majesty, my Heart was never Affected with any but your Self: But nevertheless give me leave to acquaint you, Sir, that my Opinion of your Loving of me begins*
some

somewhat to decline, I now begin to perceive my mistake, when Cleaveland, Portsmouth, Mazarine, and Madam Gwin, are daily Affronting me, without your Resenting it in the least, which frets me in a great measure, and grieves me to the very Heart, which Loves you as true and faithful as any of them. Quoth the King, 'Tis not such an Unhappiness to see you Love me so, as to doubt of me: But let me assure you, there is no Cause to Question my Faithfulness, who never Lov'd any better than you. I am sure (reply'd Miss Davis) there is not a Monarch on Earth, but I would prefer your Majesty before him: For that Cause (said the King) none of those Persons you complain of, shall for the future insult over you, without severely seeing my Resentment for their Insolence. Were they to be all Queens, and I but a Subject, and they to offer me their Crowns and their Kindness, I would, by my Refusal let you see my Love for you, infinitely exceeded their Favours: Therefore as it is in your Power to make me the Happiest of all Mortals by your Love, I shall retaliate the Bliss by removing all Occasions of being Jealous of my Affecti-

ons for you: Besides, I must declare, I have Sacrificed to you, several of the Handsomest Ladies of the Court, who have a thousand ways invited my Love. This Freedom of the King put an end to her suspicions for the present, and when they next met, his Majesty acquainting her, that he had forwarn'd the Dutcheſs of Cleaveland, and others, whom ſhe had nominated, from Affronting her in any reſpect whatſoever for the time to come, this quieted her Spirit, and made her acknowledge, ſhe had no Cauſe to be Jealous of the King's Affections. Quoth his Maſteſty, Did you Love me more, you would know me better. Believe me, Madam, I Love you above all things in the World; I think what I have already done, is a ſure and eaſie way to ſatisfie you of it: So I hope you will no longer doubt of my Affection. Now Miſs Davis was very much mov'd at this Diſcourſe; and every thing oblig'd her to believe the King, who ſtill continu'd, It is you only who is the Lady of my Affections, at whoſe Feet I would Proſtrate my ſelf and all the Titles of Honour or Fortune

I am Master of, to receive the Name of Love from you, more Glorious and Valuable to me than the Purple Robes of Aspiring Princes, or the sparkling Diadems of Eastern Monarchs. Here her Ladyship reply'd, Sir, the Transcendency of your Affection for me is so great an Honour, that I, who am highly sensible of my own Demerits, can receive it with no less Transports of Joy and Satisfaction, than the Captive does his Freedom, or the Condemn'd Criminal a Gracious Reprieve.

In a few Days after their holding this Dialogue, the King paid Miss Davis a Visit at her Lodgings, where telling her he was going for that Season to Recreate himself at Newmarket, she seem'd to be much concern'd at the News; saying, *Your Departure will be a great Torture to me, for like the Flower of the Sun, I shall droop till your Return, and wither like the Female Palm in the Absence of the Male.* But when the King inform'd her, he had order'd her an Equipage suitable to her Quality, to go along with him, she was in an Excess of Joy for the Favour; However, she had not been
long

long at *Newmarket* e'er she perform'd an odd Adventure, for one *A—y* a Colonel in the Foot-Guards at that Time there, having spoken very disrespectfully of her, and being inform'd by some of the Quality that he was a cowardly Officer, to have some Pastime, and therefore if she sent him a Challenge in the Name of some Friend of hers, he would never dare to Fight, but sign what Terms she offer'd, she being of a bold undaunted Spirit approv'd of their Advice, saying, *if she had but Cloaths, Horse and Arms, she would immediately Prosecute it*; so being furnisht in a Day or two with all Necessaries, that she wanted nothing but an Opportunity to Engage her Enemy, and Revenge her self on the ungenerous Colonel, to whom she sent the following Challenge by a private Footman in an unknown Livery.

For Colonel *A—y*.

The Injury you have done Madam Davis, by ungenerously and basely reflecting on her behind her back, obliges me to demand Satisfaction of you; as I am a Gentleman

tleman and a Soldier, I am engaged by the Honour of both, to relieve Affronted Ladies; for which, and no other Reason, I expect you alone, at 5 to morrow Morning, on Horseback with Sword and Pistol, in the second Field on the North-side the Town, where the Courage of my Heart, and Justice of my Cause, shall make you as Infamous in your Death, as you have been Scandalous in your Life.

J. H.

The Colonel receiv'd this Challenge with Wonder and Surprize, enquir'd of the Footman who his Master was, but he being instructed to the contrary, told him he had no Orders to resolve any Questions, but return with his Answer; which the Colonel with some Trouble and Disorder told him he should have, and bid him acquaint his Master, he would not fail to meet him upon the Word of a Gentleman and Reputation of a Soldier, at the Time and Place Appointed. These Champions met accordingly, and the Female Warriour without any Compliment Discharg'd a Pistol, which Wounded the Colonel

nel in the left Shoulder, upon which he immediately desir'd a Parley, and promis'd the Payment of 100 Guineas, to compose the Quarrel, which Miss *Davis* accepted of, and an Hour after receiv'd them at the Colonel's Lodgings, and then Discover'd herself: For the Bravery of this Action, she was highly commended of the King, who, with some few of his Nobles saw the Engagement, unseen by the Duellists; but the Colonel was so Scorn'd and Flouted, that he immediately quitted his Command, and retir'd into the Country to lead a private Life.

But in the Height of her Prosperity, she left her Royal Cully's Favour upon this Account, which Mr. *Butler* gives in his *Posthumous Works*.

*Another Lass of beauteous Feature,
Bred up, like N—l, in the Theatre,
Who long had rowl'd her Eyes about,
To pick some keeping Cully out;
Ogled the Boxes and the Pit,
Where Noble Lords and Bubbles sit,
'Till she'd at last the luck to charm
A King, who ne'er meant Woman harm,*
But

But lov'd the pleasing Sport from whence
 He came, because he came from thence.
 However, as some People tell us,
 Nelly of Molly growing Jealous,
 Prepar'd a Dose of purging Fallop,
 And gave it to her Sister Trallup,
 That very Night the Royal Gully
 Desir'd to Exercise his Folly,
 With his new Mistress, to the Grief
 Of Nelly, who was Miss in Chief.
 No sooner had the princely Lover,
 Inflam'd with furious Lust all over,
 Bedded his new Theatrick Dame,
 To satiate his salacious Flame,
 But giving Moll an am'rous Tumble,
 The Harlot's Guts began to grumble,
 And in the Height of all their Sport,
 Let fly a very nauseous Flirt.
 A Fizzle of a fouler Nature,
 Than Small-Beer Grounds, or Kennel-
 Water,
 Which therefore highly did disgust,
 The Monarch's Sceptre of his Lust,
 And of a sudden gave him Reason,
 To stop his Nose against the Treason,
 Which in his Nostrils stunk as hot
 As if it had been a Powder-Plot:
 Nor did the Mischief only reach
 The neighbouring Fields of Madam's Bed,
 But

But in the sweeter Enjoyment flew
 All o'er his Royal Dowfers too,
 That he was forc'd to fly the Bed,
 Much frighted, and as much bewray'd,
 Leaving poor Miss, that smelt so strong,
 To lie and batter in her Dung,
 The King, altho' he honour'd S——g,
 As much as any Mortal living,
 And lov'd the condescending Part
 Of Lady Fair with all his Heart,
 Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
 When once he found himself b——n,
 He loath'd the Bird, or rather Beast,
 That so befoul'd her charming Nest;
 And spoil'd that kind refreshing Smell,
 Which R——y always lov'd so well,
 That her past Service he rewarded,
 And from that time the Punk discharged.
 Thus she, who by her S——gn L——d
 Was for her Beauty once ador'd,
 In one sad Hour lost Royal Favour,
 By dropping what had too much Savour.
 So those, who by good Turns have won us,
 Yet if they disoblige at last,
 We bury all their Kindness past.
 Nay Kings themselves, that are so vain
 And gen'rous, when they're pleas'd,
 If next, they're just like other Men.

Thus

Thus we see by what a sad Disaster this Royal Concubine fell into Disgrace, and being banish'd the Court, withdrew her self for evermore; but though she was ambitious heretofore, of obtaining Pomp and Splendor by her Lewdness; yet afterwards what added to retrieve her forfeited Virtue and infamous Course of Life, she married and lived Honestly; which (to her Glory be it said) was more than ever any of the Court Mistresses did before her, excepting the Dutchess of C——d, who, poor Woman! Was so fond of Matrimony in her old Age, that she took a Husband, when it had been more proper for her Grace to have meditated on the Thoughts of Death, than marry.

The Duke of York and Mrs. Ogle.

MRS. Ogle was the Daughter of
of a very good Family at
Worcester, and her Relations never
had Posts in the Army inferior to
Colonels

Colonels or Brigadiers. She was brought up with her youngest Brother *Jack Ogle*, very well known in *London* for his mad Pranks; and one *Mr. Jackson*, a Gentleman of a considerable Estate venting his Passion to her, she soon found Greatness of Birth, and Goods of Fortune, are too weak Fences, to confine a Heat that is bent upon Love and Gallantry. She abandon'd her self entirely to a Passion, that Wit and Merit rais'd in her Soul. Quickly did that Passion become so strong, that she could not Master it. *Mr. Jackson*, who had already stoln her Heart, did not, however keep the sole Possession thereof. For two Years their Pleasures were uninterrupted; and the Liberty they had, of entertaining themselves once a Day, was not capable of taking the least from their Felicity. But at last, the Season of Repentance overtook her; she communicated her Uneasiness to her Lover, who being desirous to enjoy her wholly, and without Constraint, put her upon the Resolution of leaving her Father's House, who

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knew not that she had had a Child. And indeed, that was the only Method she could take, to extricate herself out of the most imminent Danger. Young and unexperient'd as she was, she rely'd altogether on the Love and Care of the most sincere and tender Man in the World.

Under Pretence of going to pass a few Days Time at an Aunt's of hers, who liv'd six Miles from *Worcester*, she set out from her Father's and desir'd 'em to come and fetch her Home in about a Week. Her Lover and she had agreed, that about three Days after her Departure, he should pretend a Journey into his own Country, which was *Glocestershire*. He knew the Place to which she was retir'd; and as they appointed a Time for their Rendezvous, on the Day agreed upon she went into a little Cop-pice behind her Aunt's House, and there found her Lover, with Horses, and every thing ready to carry her to *London*; from thence to *Douer*; from thence to *Calice*; and from thence to *Paris*, where they arriv'd in few Days. Now being out of the

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way

way of her Friends Searches and Enquiries, three Days after their Arrival there, her Lover being one Morning gone out from his Lodgings, which were in the Suburbs of St. Germain's, she stay'd up for him, till one o' Clock at Night, with incredible Fears; and so many dismal Thoughts came into her Head, that that Night seem'd the longest she had ever known. An old Maid, whom she had taken into her Service, did all she could to divert her Melancholy; but to no manner of Purpose. As soon as it was light, she sent her out, to enquire for her Master, at the likeliest Places she could go to. The first Visit she made, was to little *Chareler*, where seeing a Crowd got together, before the *Meurtriere*, or little Chamber, into which they throw the dead Bodies of the unfortunate Wretches whom they find murder'd, she got in, and quickly perceiv'd her Master in his Gore.

Without speaking a Word, Home she comes, and having prepar'd her Mistress by a simple, but well meant Discourse, to receive with Resignation

tion that stroke of Providence, she told her the dismal Fate of her Lover. Thereupon, she disguis'd her self like a Servant, and would needs go her self to be an Eye-witness of her Unhappiness. She found, that her Maid's Story was but too true. She fled immediately from that detested Place; and, with much ado, got back to the Chamber. There, having utter'd a thousand Exclamations, and pour'd forth Rivers of Tears, she miscarry'd, after being 3 Months gone. However, her Youth and Goodness of Temper recover'd her from that dangerous Illness. Mrs. Ogle being now in a perfect State of Health, she left *France* the Summer following, it being then the Beginning of Winter, where waiting on a Person of Quality who was one of the Ladies to the Bed-Chamber to the last Dutchess of *Tork*, her extraordinary Wit and Beauty was soon taken Notice of by His Royal Highness the Duke, he left not tampering with her till she accepted the Preferment of being his Mistress.

Whilst Mrs. Ogle was in France, 2 Months had not past after the Loss of her Paramour, but quite forgetting him, and being of an airy brisk Temper, there was a private Pond belonging to the Ground, where she then lodg'd in the Country, on which she and another Gentlewoman had learn'd so well to slide the Winter she tarried there, unknown to any Body, that they thought they could not be out-done by the other Sex, were their Habiliments alike: With this Opinion one Evening as they were a walking on the River *Scyne*, which runs through *Paris*, and at this Time much frozen'd, not perceiving as they thought any Person near them, or as they thought within the hearing, they resolv'd the next Day to get each of them a Suit of Man's Apparel, and walk out amongst the Gentlemen to practice their New gain'd Art, which a Person of Worth over-hearing, and having some little Knowledge of the Ladies, being their Neighbour, took notice of, and was resolv'd to Watch their Walks, and improve the Intrigue to the Advantage

tage of at least a merry Meeting. To which end Communicating the same to a Friend of his, they resolv'd next Day by Spies to way-lay them, and in case they held the aforesaid Resolution, that these would do the same, and put on Womens Cloaths, and so Disguised, watch an opportunity to Pick, or be Picked up by them, which they doubted not might be accomplished, they being both Young, and nothing on their Faces to that Height as was possible to discover the Deceit. In short, the Night past, and the next Day about three, their Spies brought Word that their Ladies were gone forth apparelled as expected; here-upon as agreed they follow'd, and having soon got Sight of them, softly pursu'd their Walk, till they beheld them very briskly sliding amongst a parcel of Youth, and very fairly give and take as many Falls as any Youngsters there. Much pleas'd were our two Gentlemen at the Gaiety of their Humour, and the masculine Carriage they so well counterfeited, which resolving to improve, standing by them, says one to the other, were I Madam

to bestow a Prize on the Victor at these Exercifes, I should be much at a Lose, to which of these two Gentlemen (pointing to the Ladies) I should dedicate the same, were it dividable, certainly it must be between them, replies the other, this being said, with Design to be over-heard, was taken notice of by them, and though at first put to the Blush, and a little irresolute, yet could they not but regard the same; so that coming up to the suppos'd Females, they thanked them for the Honour of their Approbation, excusing themselves as Novices at the Sport, telling them, they doubted not if they might have the Happiness of their Ladyships good Company, they would Evidence themselves by other Tokens meritorious of their better Esteem: We need no other than what we have seen, says one of the disguised Gentlemen, yet would it be very difficult to deny you our Company, for whom already we have a more than ordinary good Opinion: Impudent Strumpet, says one of the Ladies to her self, is it possible there should be such Creatures amongst our Sex, but

but of these I'll make an Example, whilst the other entertain'd them with her Desire, that they would accept of their Hands, and withdraw to some Place, where they might have the Benefit of a Fire, and a Glass of Wine.

In fine, with few Words our Couples were agreed, though with more different Intentions probably, than any four upon the whole River besides: The Gentlemen intended Mirth with them as Ladies, the Ladies with them as Jilts of their Sex, to pledge, or leave them for a Reckoning, when they had try'd how far their Impudence would extend. To which end, let me call our Ladies Gentlemen, and Gentlemen Ladies; for so they were at least in the Opinion of our Heroines, and were by them accordingly courted, and all of them as amorous and complaisant as the most agreed; where having for some Time walked, they saw a Place of Entertainment, into which our Gentlemen would force our Ladies, telling them upon their Honour they would not offer the least Rudeness to them: Well Gentlemen, says our Ladies, you have us at
E 4 your

your Mercy, use us as you think fit, and be sure you put us not to the Blush or Shriek, for I'll assure you we are very young and tender, and must be handled accordingly. My pretty Fairones, no Harm I warrant you, says one, a merry Story and a Kiss will scarce fright you: Whilst you use your Lips only we will forgive the Trespas, says the Ladies; and thus being come to a Tavern, the Vintner convey'd them into a retir'd Room, where our Gallants called in for their Bottles, and very amorously saluted the Ladies, who nothing shy of the Favours, did as kindly Return the same. Pleasant was the Discourse between them, each of them having chosen his Mistress, whose Health they drank, and to whom they particularly did address their intended Gallantry, till growing more familiar amongst themselves, they satned the Discourse, and began to drink such usual Healths as are the Prologue of Enjoyment: As the best in Christendom, the World's Wonder, the Mouth of March, the Wonderful Pitcher, Nature's Tinder-Box, and Woman's

man's Playfellow, with many others, though the disguised Ladies little thought there were any of the last of them, so near them. Faith, Madam! Says one of our Gallants to his Mistress, unless you prove as kind as you are lovely, you have rais'd a Distemper that encreases so fast upon your Servant, that I fear it may have an unhappy Influence upon his Modesty, and may force him to a Breach of Promise. You are pleas'd to divert your self with me, says the supposed Lady, to try what Mold our Sex is made of, whether as arrant Flesh and Blood as yours; but I hope you intend it no farther. In good Truth, Madam, says he, it is hard to dissemble, nor am I much us'd to it, with Persons of your Worth. I would you could entertain the same Thoughts with me, and give me Encouragement that my Addresses may not be in vain upon you. Not too hastily, good Sir, says his Mistress, 'tis to be consider'd more than once, how we part with that which once lost, is never to be regain'd, our Honour and Reputation; and this, Sir, makes me

careful to withstand, what otherwise my own Wishes might be the best Advocate for, in your Behalf: Honour! Replies our counterfeit Gentlemen, poor empty Bauble, to stand between us and our Desires, to defeat us with an imaginary Promise, instead of real Enjoyments; a thing never heard of in that golden Age, when Love and Happiness was the Essence of Humanity, till foolishly traduced into the World by the Old, the Grave, and Dull, who knew not to improve their Felicity, their Felicity to such Heights as we miss of, when we entertain Disputes about the same, debarring us of what Age or Distemper hath incapacitated them to take the Fruit of. No, Madam, let that Idol be thrown down in Love's Temple, whilst in its stead we consecrate the Spoils in our amorous Triumphs, to him whose kinder Allowances have forbid such precise Worship, and enjoyns us nothing but the Dictates of Love and Pleasure. Very well, says our Lady, but you Youth I fear, brag as much in the Spoil, as you desire the Victory in Love's War; so that having our Reputation

putation in your Hands, you trumpet the same about at your Pleasure, Regardless of our Resentments, which can extend no farther than an unpow-
erful Regret, that we cannot the In-
jury without a greater to our selves.
To kiss and tell, fie, Madam! Replies
the Gallant, that's so much beneath
a Gentleman, that rather than I would
have the Guilt of such a Crime upon
me, I would lose whatever I esteemed
dearest: Nor shall the Wind it-
self be every privy to the Whisper of
it. The Promise (says she) is as easy
as the Performance is difficult, and
should I put it to Tryal, I much doubt
your Observance. But for once with-
a Sigh; tell me, Sir, can you be true
to one that loves you? May your stag-
gering Faith be in this trusted? If
you think it may not, rather than de-
ceive, you'll extreamly oblige me, to
confess your Weakness, and own it
impossible. Rather, my most endea-
red Charmer, cries our Gentleman, as
if he seem'd heated with Hope, than
to think me capable of such Perjury,
finish such an entire Conquest over my
Heart, which your Eyes have to far
advan-

advanced already. You are believed, says she, and make use of my Easiness, to your own Advantage; the Grant was sealed at our Lover's Lips, and the Familiarity decreed between them. Nor was our other Gallant less successful with her supposed Mistress, who had all this Time been discouraging on the same Theme; though other Arguments were by them made use of, to prove the Lawfulness of his Desires, such as those that are drawn from the Instigation of Nature, which so powerfully prompted such Wishes, which were not in vain created, but with design to be improv'd, to the Increase of that Felicity that was thereby intended us, as also the Venialness of the Thing itself, drawn from the Examples of our Forefathers, whose Eyes were the only Forerunners of their Enjoyments, with many such to the like Purpose; so that both of them had got their supposed Ladies Consent at the same Time, and began to consider they wanted only Tools to finish the Work, which it was not long but they found out, for intending to car-

ry the same as far as it would bear, they gave Liberty to their Hands to wander under their Ladies Petticoats, thinking to seize on the naked Altar of Love, when alas! Instead thereof, they met the Sacrifices prepared thereon, ready to offer the said Deity, in its full Glories: Never was Thunder-struck Swain half so astonished as the two Ladies were at this Experience, nor could either of them recollect their Countenance or Thoughts, at so unlooked for a Surprise, the condemning Blush blam'd their too inquisitive Frolick, Shame, Anger, and Despair; nor was desire absolutely a Stranger to their Breast, which they could not dissemble; nor could they tell which first should shew it self in this Dilemma; each of the said Passions striving to be foremost, hinder'd the other from discovering it self, whilst in the mean while our now no longer Ladies began to beg their Pardon for the Cheat, they had design'd too much to their Advantage; telling them, they had gone too far now to retreat on this Occasion; for that as they had found
what

what they least expected, so had they not been ignorant of their Disguise, which had given them the Opportunity of knowing their nearer Inclinations, hoping the Arguments they had made use of themselves, inverted against them, might have the same Prevalency upon their Honour and Reputation, that poor empty Bauble, as it had on them, who could not by any Rhetorick evade the same.

Since it is so Gentlemen, says one of the Ladies, half recover'd from her Surprise, I suppose my Companion here will agree with me, that neither of us drown, stab, or make away with our selves, as others more Precise might think on this Occasion; but freely will we throw our selves and Reputations into your Hands, and you declare your selves Men of Honour, expect the Issue of this Misadventure. Good Madam, (says one of our now again Gentlemen) let it not be so called, for I doubt not when you better know us, you'll recant the Title, and as to us, it hath prov'd the Happiest that we
ever

ever met with, so may it not be otherwise to your selves, whose Persons we have always admired, and whose Perfections have ever been our Regard. So the Gentlemen at Parting, kissing the Ladies Hands, and returning their Civilities in the kindest Expressions. Love it self could indite, I give my Reader leave to think whether the Ladies in this Adventure forfeited their Honour or no; but let it be as it will, the *French* Gentlewoman who was *Madam Ogle's* Landlord's Daughter, was married to her Spark, endu'd with a considerable Fortune; and her Companion not thinking fit to try her Fortune in *France* came over to *England*, and had the Luck to be the Mistress (as above hinted) of a King's Brother.

Whilst she was elevated in this Station of Iniquity, she was continually plagu'd with her Brother, *Jack Ogle*, whom she had put into the Life-Guards, for to supply him with Money; and one Morning going to her House to recruit his Pockets, for the Groom-Porter's, where he was a constant Customer, being admitted
into

into his Sister's Chamber, with whom the Duke of York was then in Bed, fast asleep, she softly told him, she would answer his Expectation as soon as she was up; so drawing the Curtain, order'd him to come about Noon. Jack seem'd to be satisfied with her Promise; but having not Patience till the appointed Time, he step'd softly to the Table, and took away all the Duke's Cloaths, Star and Garter, and all that came to Hand, and went clear off with great Content; and finding in his Breeches a fine Gold Watch, and a great Quantity of Guineas. When the Duke went to rise, and his Cloaths were missing, there was a great Confusion in the House; but the Servants making it appear that none but Mr. Ogle could have them, His Highness was oblig'd to send for other Apparel; and being dress'd, departed from Madam Ogle in a great Rage, for the Affront put upon him.

A little while after, the Duke of York walking in the Mall in St. James's Park, he espied Ogle at some Distance, with his Cloaths on his Back, which
he

he had alter'd and made fit for himself; whereupon His Highness having left His Nobles, made what hast he could to Ogle in a great Fury; but Ogle. perceiving him, made also up towards His Highness, unbuttoning himself at the same Time; and offering to strip as fast as he could, quoth he, *I know your Highness wants your Cloaths; here, take them, Sir; for I would not wear your cast-off Things another Day, if any Man would give me forty Pounds.* The Duke seeing Jack in this angry Posture, and very loth the Matter should be publickly known, quoth His Highness, *Hold, hold, pray, Mr. Ogle, don't strip your self, I don't want my Cloaths again, nor any Thing else; but all that I desire of you, is, that you never serve me so again.* However, the Duke of York resented this Matter to himself so heinoufly, that he quitted the Conversation of Mrs. Ogle, who died pretty Rich, Anno 1682, Aged 29 Years.

Mr.

*Mr. Secretary Cecil, and the
Countess of Nottingham.*

NO sooner did Queen Elizabeth, of Glorious Memory, ascend the Throne, upon the happy Demise of her cruel Sister, whose Life she writ her self in Characters of Blood, but her Court was soon crowded with Royal Suitors, even Princes of the Highest Rank contending who should best merit her Affections; however, she slighted 'em all for her chief Favourite the Earl of *Essex*, with whom the Countess of *Nottingham* was also in Love; but would not let her Royal Mistress know she attempted to be her Rival, for fear of being turn'd out of Favour, and banish'd from Court for ever.

To this Lady the Queen discover'd her Amour; and as she had an Interest in the same Matter, was so much the more willing to get what she could

could out of her Majesty, that she might play her Cards the surer. The Countess was always praising the Earls of *Leicester, Somerset, Hertford* and *Arundel* to the Queen, in hopes of diverting her from the Thoughts of *Essex*, whom she would fain engross to her self: But whatever she said against *Essex* was to no purpose; for the Queen would often confess privately to her, that from the first Moment she saw his Lordship, she might date the Loss of her Repose, and then became acquainted with that Uneasiness, to which before she had been a Stranger; and though she made the utmost Efforts to resist it, yet was she forc'd to acknowledge the Cause; and all the Opposition she made, serv'd only to make the Triumphs of his Victory the more Illustrious.

Though the Queen was enamour'd with the Earl of *Essex*, yet had he no more Respect for Her Majesty, than as he was by Allegiance bound to be true and faithful to the supporting the Honour of Her Crown and Dignity: Nor did he in the least admire
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the Countess of Nottingham; his Affections were securely settled on the Countess of Rutland, the Splendor of whose Beauty adding to the Charms of her Youth, not being then more than sixteen Years of Age, was sufficient to carry away the Prize of Love from all Competitors. Nevertheless, the Queen, upon the Earl's seeming to have an Indifferency for the Countess of Rutland, when he found her not inclinable for the Match, was graciously pleas'd to give him a Ring, saying, at the same time, *Take this as a Pledge of my Kindness, which I charge you to preserve in the Condition it is, and whenever you shew it me, I promise never to deny you any Thing you shall desire of me, though it costs me Life and Crown.* At the receiving this Ring, the Earl's Acknowledgments were suitable to so great a Favour; nor was he wanting in his Promises of as high a Nature. However, the Countess of Rutland had such an Influence over the Heart of Essex, that they were privately married; but before now, the Countess.

tefs of *Nottingham* finding his Lordship would answer her Desire, no more than he had done the Queen's, she knew she had a certain Admirer, Secretary *Cecil*, who, in the midst of his Gravity discover'd some Charms in her Ladyship, that created in him a strong Passion for her; and this Passion was increas'd in both, by the natural Hatred they had protest against the Earl of *Essex*, though from different Causes; *Cecil*, because he look'd upon the Earl as the Obstacle of his ambitious Pretensions; and the Countess from that Rage and Aversion, which generally results from that Love that's answer'd with Neglect.

So when the Earl of *Essex* was under Disgrace, confin'd a Prisoner in his House, and afterwards committed to the *Tower*, the Countess of *Nottingham* and *Cecil* concerted Measures that were to be taken for this Peer's Destruction. Now that which favour'd their Design, was the Countess of *Rutland's* making Intercession for her Husband *Essex* to the Queen; who then knowing her Favourite was certainly

certainly married, Her Majesty was struck with a great Surprize, and in a Transport of Anger, saying, *The Life you beg of me is not in my Power; the Peers are his Judges*, she gave Order for putting the beautiful Petitioner also under close Confinement. The Fury of the Queen now was so exasperated against him, that had once the chief Ascendant in her Soul, that it was heighten'd even to a Degree of Madness; and going to the Council, with a Resolution of Revenge; after she had declar'd the Occasion of her coming, the Peers were nam'd for trying the Earl of *Essex*. Hereupon, *Cecil* was mightily pleas'd at the Queen's Proceedings, and he could not conceal the Satisfaction he took therein, but forthwith repairs to the Countess of *Nottingham*, to make her a Partaker of the same Joy, who had his Heart, as well as the Command of his Bed, which they too often made use of, for the vain Pleasure of unlawful Love.

Soon after the Earl of *Essex* was arraign'd, try'd and condemn'd, for holding a criminal Correspondence
with

with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Spain*; for having a secret Alliance with the Earl of *Tyrone*, the Irish Rebel; and for laying a Plot against the Queen's Authority. In the mean time the Countess of *Nottingham* irritated Her Majesty as much as she could against the Earl of *Essex*; but knowing his Lordship had a Ring from the Queen, which whenever he sent to her, she promis'd to deliver him; this Secret she imparted to *Cecil*, to whom also it gave a terrible Disturbance; for while the Earl kept that, they look'd upon him as the Master of his own Fortune; and therefore they both resolv'd to watch the Earl so narrowly, that he should give it to none to deliver it to the Queen, without their Knowledge. Whilst the Earl lay under Condemnation, the Queen had but little Rest, and the Countess of *Nottingham* had not much more; both were alike Restless, but for different Reasons; the one agitated by Love, the other by Revenge.

Hitherto the Earl had not petition'd for Mercy; but when he beheld himself at the Point of being carried
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to the Scaffold, he resolv'd to implore her Pardon, and to put her in Mind of her former Promises and Oaths; And though he knew the Countess of Nottingham had no great Kindness for him now, yet knowing she was the Queen's Favourite and Confident, and believing she had Generosity enough to oblige him in this important Occasion, he sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The Countess uneasy till she knew the Cause of his Request, went, without acquainting the Queen, immediately to him, who address'd her after this Manner, *Madam, can you be so generous as to pardon the most unfortunate Man in the World, and the Trouble he gives you, at a Time when he has no Cause to flatter himself you have any Remains of Kindness for him? Yet nothing can now be of greater Advantage to me than your Protection. I am not ignorant of the Power you have over the Queen: And would you be pleas'd to joyne it to my present Sorrow, for having offended her, I doubt not but we may prevail much. Then the Earl kneeling on the Ground, he farther said, Tell*
her

her then, Madam, That you have seen me in this supplicant Posture full of Grief, for having deserved her Hatred: And pray restore her this Ring, which I have kept, and intreat her to remember her Promises she made when she gave it me. I beg my Life by this Pledge, and she cannot deny me without forgetting her Oath. I can no longer look upon my Life as a Thing pleasing me; but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son, press me to continue it as long as I can. I cannot think the Innocency of the one, or the Infancy of the other, needs my Justification. The Favour to be b'g'd of the Queen is for me alone.

The Countess of Nottingham having gotten the Ring, with great Promises of doing what lay in her Power, to serve him in this Exigency, instead of going to the Queen, went directly to Cecil, and gave him the pleasing Relation of what had past between her and the Earl, and was over-joy'd to see in her Custody the sole Obstacle against Essex's Death: Then going both together to the Queen, who enquir'd how Essex receiv'd her last Orders; Quoth Cecil,

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He was never more Haughty in his Life. He cannot prevail with himself to shew the least Sign of Repentance. He thinks of nothing but his Wife; and she is the sole Subject of his Discourse to all that go to him. Said the Queen, Let him die then, let him perish, since he will have it so. Let me be eas'd of the tormenting Uncertainties I am under. I am no longer against his Execution. Now Cecil thirsted too much after the Earl's Blood, to let the Queen have the least Time for Reflection; so while Essex was expecting the Issue of the Countess of Nottingham's solemn Promises, a Scaffold was set up in the Tower, on which he was beheaded, to the great Grief of all that knew him.

Some Writers of that Age Report, that the Countess of Nottingham, in her outward Behaviour, seem'd the very Pattern of Chastity, which made Queen Elizabeth confide the more in her for her Confident; but by this Transaction we may say, what Heart is so steel'd from all Impressions of Vice, that Lust and Malice can make no dint upon it? Love too often softens the most rigid and austere Vir-

tue, which once made pliable, receives the easy Impressions of those Crimes, we at first so boldly scorn'd and detested. But her Intrigue with Cecil was not so closely carried on, but her Incontinency came to the Knowledge of the Earl of Nottingham, by the Interception, of the following Letter.

My LORD,

TO Morrow my Husband goes to his Country Seat in Northamptonshire, for a Fortnight or three Weeks, and at Ten in the Morning I will be at my Lodging in Whitehall; till then farewell, my Dear, my dearest Cecil.

After the Earl of Nottingham had a long time ponder'd on the Contents of this Letter, with all the jealous Disquisitions even of a Spanish Brain, he concluded that Cecil was most certainly his Lady's Gallant. The Letter however he conceal'd, and presuming that if there was any such Intrigue, his Lady's Gentlewoman must be acquainted with it, the

Countess being Abroad, he strickly examin'd her, whom he endeavour'd to threaten into a Confession, which she couragiously withstood; but at length being tempted with a Purse of Money, she made that Faith a Slave to Gold, which could not be forc'd by the Terrors of Punishment, and discover'd the dangerous Secret, with all its Circumstances. The Earl receiv'd the dismal Story with Horror and Amazement, curs'd his own unhappy Fortune, and much more the Treachery of his disloyal Countess; after a little Pause, he gratified her Gentlewoman according to his Promise, and commanded her to Silence, retired to his Closet, where he meditated a Revenge proportionable to his own Injury, and his Lady's Infidelity.

But his Design of murdering *Cecil*, whenever he found him at his House again, being secretly discover'd to him, he absented going thither any more; which was a great Mortification to the Countess of *Nottingham*, who in a little while after was deliver'd of a dead Child, long before
her

her Reckoning was out, and whose immature Birth was occasion'd by the Violence of her Grief and Sorrow, which yet (although she was confin'd from going Abroad, as close as any jealous *Spaniard* confines his Wife) was not powerful enough to end her unhappy Days, and put a Period to those Miseries, under which she Languish'd for the Sight of *Cecil*.

Her Confinement depriving her from the Enjoyment of her Paramour, she in less than 6 Months took it so much to Heart, that a sudden Sicknefs brought her within the Horrors of Death; thus Triumphant not long in her immoderate on the Unfortunate *Essex*, a Remorse of Conscience then for her Wickedness and Cruelty exerted towards him, Tormented her to a high Degree, insomuch that being now at the Brink of the Grave, she could not make her miserable *Exit*, before she Reveal'd to the Queen how she first Loved *Essex*, but the unhappy Earl slighting her Affections, she hated him, and then declaring the Perfidiousness, in keeping the Ring, which

the Earl of *Essex* gave her to carry
to her Majesty, with the most Hum-
ble Submission, the Queen in great
Indignation left the Countess of *Not-*
tingham, who died soon after raving
Mad.

Sir

STATS OF VA. ON TINE 103

Sir Thomas Wagstaff and
Madam Charlton.

MR. Charlton, who was a Captain in Colonel Hedges's Regiment in *Flanders*, being, by the Death of an elder Brother, who died without Issue, come to a good Estate, he came over into *England*, and selling his Commission, was married to the Daughter of one Mr. Cook, a rich Merchant in *London*. The young Couple liv'd with great Content and Satisfaction, in their mutual Love and Affection, during the first three Years of their Marriage; but being not yet bless'd with any Children, those desired Fruits of their conjugal Vows, the Discouragements of their vigorous Embraces bred Discontents, and each blam'd the other, for the want of that Happiness neither could give.

These Differences between Captain *Charlton* and his Wife increas'd to that Height, that he forsook her Bed, and often with opprobrious Taunts call'd her *barren Doe*; all his satyrical Expressions were still pointed with Reflections on her Sterility; which she unable to bear, with her wonted Patience and Submission, complain'd to her Relations of the Unkindness of her Husband, and desired their Intercession, often Saying, she believ'd her Husband would be a contented Cuckold, upon Condition he was but a presumptive Father. Discords were in some Measure reconcil'd, by the Mediation of Friends; but the Occasion of them was now grown the Chat and Entertainment of the Neighbourhood, and at last reach'd the Ears of Sir *Thomas Wagstaff*, dwelling by them, a young Knight, whose extravagant Pleasures had much impair'd his Estate, which oblig'd him to consider of some new Methods of Living, to maintain his Port and Quality. He was familiarly acquainted with Mr. *Charlton*, and the late Discourses he had heard of the
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the Difference between him and his Wife, rais'd new Designs in his Head of advancing his Fortune by a Courtship to her, in which his own Hopes, and her present Discontent, flatter'd him with Success. To this end he watch'd all Opportunities, and a very great Friendship being contracted between him and Mr. *Charlton*, they were such constant Companions in in all their Diversions, that one Soul seem'd to animate both their Bodies. This Intimacy gave Sir *Thomas Wagstaff* free Access to Mr. *Charlton's* House, where he observ'd the Disgusts between him and his Wife, which, whenever the Husband was absent, by his graceful Behaviour and more particular Respects to her, he endeavour'd to improve to his own Advantage.

The assiduous Address of the Knight to his Friend's Wife, and the continual Slights of Mr. *Charlton*, promis'd him Success in his Amours; which he pursu'd with so much Artifice and Industry, that the Husband was not in the least Jealous of his Design, nor the Wife insensible of his

his Affections. Sir *Thomas* had now made his Applications for four Months, in amorous Glances, and courtly Smiles, which he flatter'd himself had so far prevail'd upon her, that nothing remain'd but an easy Conquest; and that Madam *Charlton* would readily surrender the Fort of Honour, as soon as he had the Opportunity to make one bold Attack, So one Day when her Husband was not at Home, he in express Terms discover'd his Passion to the Gentlewoman, which she receiv'd with Disdain; telling him, her Husband little suspected that Sincerity of Friendship he pretended to him was false and counterfeit, and that the Injury he had offer'd him, would warrant his sharpest Revenge. Sir *Thomas* was very much surpriz'd at so unkind an Answer, and pray'd that the Reality of his Love to her Person, and Zeal to her Service, might atone for the Rudeness of his Language; and tho' he believ'd her Chast as the fam'd *Lucretia*, yet when her too rigorous Virtue, shall be the Occasion of her Husband's Discontent

tent and her own Unhappiness, common Prudence would advise to remove both; which since it was the true Sense of his Discourse, he hop'd rather to meet her Esteem than deserve the Reprimand. Madam Charlton, with a Look as if she intended to smile, but 'twas presently dash'd with a Frown, thus reply'd, *The great Concern you express for my Troubles, challenge my Thanks; but did you as well consider the sacred Name of Virtue, which I must for ever observe, you would not so unworthily tempt me to prostitute my Honour, to cure the unreasonable Capricio's of a discontented Husband: This first Offence I'll pardon, but beware you never provoke my Anger by a second, which shall make you sensible of your Fault, by the Justice of your Punishment.*

Sir Thomas seeing all his Hopes of a projected Happiness thus blasted in a Minute, resolv'd however not to quit his Design for a single Disappointment, but try to effect that by Stratagem, which he could not attain by the common Methods of Love and Address. Amongst the
Crowd

Crowd of Thoughts, and various Designs his wandring Fancy presented him with, he at last hit upon this one Consideration, which pleas'd above the rest. Mrs. Charlton's Chamber-Maid was passionately in Love with his *Valet-de-chambre*, who either despising her Poverty, or contemning her Beauty, slighted all offers of Kindness with a sullen Disrespect; whereupon meeting her one Day alone in the Street, he told her he understood she had a particular Kindness for his *Valet*, which he very well approv'd of; and if she would come to his Lodgings in the Afternoon, he would propose a way to make her Happy in the Enjoyment of her Lover. The Chamber-Maid over-joy'd at this, came accordingly, and after several Discourses on that Subject, to her great Satisfaction, he promis'd her his *Valet* for a Husband, and one hundred Pounds Reward, if she would prevail with her Mistress to go to *Gadbury* the Astrologer, who then was famous for telling of Fortunes, helping Maids to Sweethearts, and curing Barrenness in married Women,

men, which he was confident Mrs. *Charlton* would experience the Truth of in a short Time, to the Joy and Content of her self and her Husband. The Chamber-Maid told him, this would be so great an Obligation to them, that no Person was more proper than himself to recommend it to her Mistress; which he excus'd, as not consistent with her Modesty to hear, or his Friendship to discourse the Secrets of the Sheets, and private Concerns of the Marriage Bed. At last the Chamber-Maid agreed to undertake the Matter, and accordingly at the first Opportunity propos'd it to her Mistress, as a Thought of her own, without ever naming Sir *Thomas*, which he had positively forbid, and she religiously swore to observe.

Madam *Charlton*, like some of her Sex, who by being too strait-lac'd, do often grow awry, as she was strickly virtuous, was a little warp'd by Superstition, and rather than be less than good, endeavour'd to be more: This made her easily credit her Chamber-Maid's Discourse, who
having,

having, according to Sir *Thomas's* Directions, persuaded her of the Lawfulness and Certainty of Astrological Judgments, she presently concluded her self oblig'd to make use of those Methods which would infallibly render her and her Husband happy in a fruitful Off-spring. Three Days after, she and her Maid concluded to go to Mr. *Gadbury's*, to consult him what was the Reason of her Want of Children, and what prolifick Remedies were best in her Case. Sir *Thomas* was well pleas'd at this News, and the more that she did it without the Privy and Knowledge of her Husband. No sooner was the Chamber-Maid gone from him, but he went directly to *Gadbury*, foretold him of Madam *Charlton's* coming next Day, her Business, and furnish'd him with Answers of all Sorts to satisfy the Queries that she or her Maid should propose; gave him ten Guineas in Hand, and promis'd ten more in three Days after, if the Design was discreetly manag'd. This *Gadbury* accepted, and assur'd him of his utmost Care and Fidelity.

Next

Next Morning, Madam Charlton, attended by her Maid, went accordingly, and enquir'd if Mr. Gadbury was within; on which they were conducted up Stairs into his Chamber: The *Astrologer* came presently out of his Study, and the Gravity of his Carriage and solemn Mien, furnish'd them with a Respect and Reverence futable to his Quality. Madam Charlton began to declare her Business to him, which he prevented, by telling her, *You need not trouble your self, Madam, to acquaint me with one Tittle you have to say, the Stars have already better inform'd me; and if you please to have a little Patience, till I have made a perfect Judgment of the Scheme I have but now erected, I hope the present Face of the Heavens will return you (by me their Mouth) a serene and pleasing Answer.* The Conjuror went back to his Study, and Madam Charlton, with Impatience, waited his Return. About an Hour he came out again, with a Pair of Compasses in one Hand, and a large Scheme in the other; Now, Madam (quoth he) *I am prepar'd to resolve all your Doubts; but*
first

first let me tell you, at your Birth I calculated your Nativity, of which this is the Figure. You are the eldest Daughter of Mr. Cook, I see very plainly here, and the present Conjunction was very unkind you. You have six Enemies, and but one Friend in this whole House. Under their malignant Influence you have suffer'd some Years; but now they have spit their Venom, and the favourable Aspect of your Friend shall make you glorious and triumphant. But as to your present Business, you desire to know the Reason of your Barrenness, and the Cure. The general Reasons are three, which proceed from the three elemental Spirits Tohu, Bohu and Vezi; and these I have already reconcil'd you to. Now as to the Cure, yours is the most desperate Case that I ever met with. There is but one Man in the World born under the same Configuration with your self, and unless you are in Conjunction with him, you will never be prolifick. Alas! Said Madam Charlton, I am the unhappiest Creature in the World. Pray, Sir, look again. I have told you all the Truth reply'd Gadbury, already, and can add no more; but if you desire to know that single

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gle Man, it is within the Power of my Art to discover him to you. Madam Charlton entreated it, and the Astrologer thus went on, In the Mall in St. James's Park, at four in the Evening, after the next Full Moon, which is your auspicious Planet, you will see him sitting alone upon a Bench nearest to St. James's Palace, reading Quevedo's Visions; and that's the Phœnix you look for. Madam Charlton having handsomly rewarded him; and then taking her leave, wish'd that blessed Minute was now come, which could only satisfy her labouring Mind in the Truth of these strange Predictions. Learned Mythologists, who best expound the Mysteries of poetick Fictions, say, the ancient Heathens worship'd the Moon, under the Name of *Lucina*, the Goddess of Midwifery; and the old Women of those Days, thought her in Travel when she suffer'd an Eclipse, and by the beating of Kettles, scraping of Trenchers, kindly endeavour'd to recover her from those fainting Fits, by their harse Prayers and dismal Noises. But never did they pray more heartily than Madam
Charlton

Charlton did, to see her in the full Circle of her resplendant Glory: Nor did she more passionately caress *Endymion*, when she stoop'd to kiss the fair Youth, than this Gentlewoman now did her, for the Sake of her unknown Gallant.

The wish'd for Day is come at last, but the sluggish Hours mov'd on too slow to answer the earnest and longing Expectations of *Madam Charlton*; the Clock had no sooner struck Three, but she call'd her Maid, with whom she made what hast she could to *St. James's Park*, and as she walk'd along the *Mall*, impatient of Delay, sent her Eyes, the quick Harbingers of her troubled Mind, to make the horrid Discovery. But oh! The strange Surprise, just as she was come near *St. James's Palace*, she saw *Sir Thomas* upon a Bench, leaning on his Arm in a melancholly Posture, and reading to himself. *Madam Charlton* knew him at first Sight, and suddenly step'd back, as if her tender Foot had press'd the poysonous Adder, or more loathsome Toad: *Sir Thomas* looking up, spy'd the Gentlewoman in

in Disorder, whom he approach'd with that Civility and Respect he constantly paid her; whilst she prudently endeavour'd to hide her Passion, and pleasantly ask'd him what Book that was in his Hand: *It is, Madam* (said Sir Thomas) *Quevedo's Visions, he is a merry Companion, with whom I have diverted many a tedious Hour and melancholly Thought; if you are a stranger to him, pray accept him from my Hands, and I am sure, upon better Acquaintance, you will give him the best Reception he deserves.* Madam Charlton receiv'd it, and at that Minute, by one amorous Glance, discover'd the Infirmary of that Virtue which was thought to be impregnable; but now forc'd to retreat, and give Place to a more powerful and successful Vice. Frequent Interviews at length made Madam Charlton's obdurate Heart malleable, and her Innocence and chaste Resolutions, were by Degrees undermin'd, and all her Pretensions to Honour laid in the Dust, by the Craft of Sir Thomas, and the Roguery of Mr. Gadbury. As to the first Act of Commission, I
could

could charitable think her almost Innocent, because she was betray'd to it; but when once she came to relish those forbidden Pleasures, and grow wanton in the Enjoyment of them, she grew as intemperate as *Messalina*; having the Impudence of a Bawd, and the Lasciviousness of a common Courtezan.

This Intrigue was for some Time so well manag'd by the Cunning of the Chamber-Maid, that Mr. *Charlton* either not knew of it, or, contrary to the common Temper of jealous Men, pretended Ignorance; and rather chose to conceal the Infamy, and his own Abuse, than publish it to the World, by a notorious and bloody Revenge. But at last her Lewdness grew so extravagant, that her Husband was now become the common Cornuto for every Finger to point at; this so enrag'd him, that he threaten'd her with the severest Tortures, if she did not confess her Guilt, or justifie her Innocence: But she had no Occasion to discover her Infidelity her self, for her Maid did it for her: For Sir *Thomas* denying to perform

perform his Promise of giving her a hundred Pounds, and his *Valet* for a Husbaud, she open'd the whole Matter to her Master, and how her Mistress was with Child by his Friend the Knight, who still following his old Course of Revelling about with his drunken Companions, expos'd the Gentlewoman in every Tavern he frequented. In the mean Mrs. *Charlton*, upon her Knees, and with Tears in her Eyes, praying his Patience and common Justice, assur'd him of his Fidelity, and with a thousand horrid Imprecations, desir'd her dying Fame might be for ever attended with all those Marks of Ignominy, with which the Malice and Detraction of her Enemies had stain'd her living Reputation, if she had been ever guilty of the least of those Crimes they had so unjustly charg'd upon her. But the Jealousy of her Husband being not asswag'd with these Protestations, the Maid was believ'd before her; and so much exasperated was he against his Wife, that presently selling off all his Goods, he left her with scarce any Cloaths on her
to

to cover her Nakedness; went away in Discontent, and keeping Company with lewd Women, soon consum'd an Estate of eleven hundred Pounds per Annum: Afterwards being arrested upon an Action of 2000 Pounds, he was a Prisoner in Woodstreet-Compter, from whence, for cutting one *Baskevil* a Turnkey of that Goal down the Face with a Razor, for illegally encouraging the Prisoners to rise him for Garnish, he was sent by a *Duci* to Newgate, where he grew distracted, and then being remov'd to Bedlam, ended there his Days. Though Sir Thomas had wheedled the deceased's Wife out of above four thousand Pounds in Money and Jewels, yet he would not look upon her when her Husband very justly left her in Distress; so she died before him in great Want in Childbed; however, the Ingratitude and Adultery of this Knight, met with a Punishment futable to his Sin, in being Kill'd by Mr. Charlton's Brother behind Mountague-House, in the Year 1698.

Here

Here we shall take Notice, that when he was in her Prosperity, one Squire Allen, made his Addresses to her, which she slighted, and one Night giving him an absolute Denial to his Request, as he stood talking to a Friend at the Gate of a little Court which was before Madam Charlton's House, he perceiv'd a Door to open that belong'd to some Part of her House, and saw the fair Lady who despis'd him, with a wax Candle in one Hand, and a Plate cover'd with Jellies and Conservees in the other. She had a rich flower'd Gown wrap'd loose about her; and in this Dress she was so full of Charms and Attraction, that he much wonder'd what this beautiful Phantasm meant, sometimes flattering himself that he was the Person she sought after. At length he perceiv'd her to go towards the Stable-Door, whither he at a Distance follow'd her, and supposing she went to visit some Servant that was sick, who seem'd to be about thirty Years of Age; but with so ghosly a Look, that he appear'd like the true Image of Death. Squire

Allen

Allen admir'd the unparallell'd Goodness of Madam Charlton, who took up the Negro's Coverlet, and having raised his Head, sat down by him, and with Fears in her Eyes, wiped the cold Sweat from his Forehead with her Handkerchief. 'Squire Allen knew not what to think of a Charity so transcendent, when she, with Showers of Tears, ask'd him how he did. And with a Voice interrupted with Sobs, *My Dear Frank* (said she) *art thou resolv'd to die, and with thy own, be my Death too? Thou speakest not to me, my Dearest, take Heart my Soul; if thou desirest I should live, and eat a little of this Jelly; for my Sake who loves thee, who adores thee, kiss me my Angel, kiss me and recover thy Health, or let me die with thee.* To this Effect were her Expostulations, joyning her angelical Face to the diabolical Countenance of the Moor, which she bedew'd with Tears. When he with his scraggy Hand removed her Face from his own, with a hollow Voice said to her, *What would you have of me, Madam? Why will you not let me die in quiet? Is is not enough*
you

you have reduced me to this miserable Condition I am in, but now you expect at the Point of Death, I should sacrifice the few Minutes I have left, to the Satisfaction of your insatiable Inclinations? Keep to your Husband, Madam, and expect no more from me, who am more fit for the cold Embraces of Death, than the warm Pleasures of your lustful Arms. Having so said, he sunk down into the Bed, and so suddenly, that Madam Charlton could not get one Word more from him, but return'd to her Chamber, with a Countenance full of Sadness and Discontent, like a disconsolate Widow at the Funeral of a Husband she dearly lov'd. Squire Allen lay close in a Corner of the Stable till she was gone, and then went Home to his Lodgings with Wonder and Amazement. Within three or four Days after, as he past by Madam Charlton's House, the Blackamoor was carried out to his Burial, and a Week after he receiv'd the following Letter from her, by one of her Servants.

G

S. I. R.

SIR,

YOU would have me believe you think me not unhandſome, and I cannot but acknowledge I am ſo taken with you, that I am willing to grant you what you have ſo long deſired. My Perſon is at your Diſpoſal, and though I cannot be too circumspect in a Buſineſs of this Nature, yet your Merit, and my Affection ſhall be your Security.

ARABELLA CHARLTON.

Squire Allen was now alter'd in his Reſolution of loving her; and having read the Letter twice or thrice over, return'd this Answer.

MADAM,

I Am naturally a Perſon of a very nice Conſcience, and therefore cannot without ſome Remorſe, answer your Propoſal of being my Miſtreſs. You are much more oblig'd to the Memory of your Negro, who loſt his Life in your Service, and whoſe Performances you

though

thought so extraordinary. In the interim we shall both of us have Time to consider what we have to do.

JOHN ALLEN.

After the 'Squire had sent his Mistress, that was to be, this Letter, he retir'd into the Country, where in less than five Months he was inform'd, that Madam Charlton finding her self with Child by her African Gallant, conceal'd her great Belly from all the World; but her Confidant the Chamber-Maid, who assisting her at the Time of her Delivery, but not so safe, but that she died (as above hinted) in a Fortnight's Time, they murder'd the tawny Offspring, to conceal the Shame of her lustful Dalliances; and the Chamber-Maid buried it in the Garden; but the Matter being discover'd, the Servant was apprehended, try'd and condemn'd for the same, and accordingly executed at Salisbury in Wiltshire.

62 The

*The Earl of Rochester and
Mrs. Barry.*

WE shall trouble our selves no farther about the Extraction of Mrs. Barry, than to say that she was the Daughter of a Yeoman in Kent, and being of a spritely, airy Mien and Carriage when a Maid, one *Lewin Brown*, a young Gentleman, made his Addresses to her in such a pressing and most passionate Manner, that she was ready to accept of his Oblations of Love, on the Shrine of her Affections, had not her Parents timely prevented their amorous Intrigue, by sending her to London. Her sudden Departure, without acquainting him with the Matter, which she could not well have done, as not knowing any thing her self of her Journey, an Hour before she went, incited him to believe she was false, and amidst many Sighs cry out,
O! Unfortunate Wreth, thus to be forsaken

saken by my visible Divinity, the fairest, and, as I concluded, most constant Creature as ever Nature made. Who could have expected Breach of Promise, from a Mouth that I always before believ'd spoke Oracles, and that nothing but Verity could proceed from her ruby Lips. But what should be the Occasion of this new Change or Dislike I know not. My most beautiful Angel is fled from her Admirer, who ador'd her next to that Deity who governs the World, and all Humane Affairs; and what is more intolerable and tormenting to my distracted Mind! Perhaps she is fled into the Arms of some sordid Wretch, who knows not how to prize so rare and valuable a Jewel. But why (continued he, fetching a deep Sigh) since she flies from me with Neglect, and bears with her my Heart as a Trophy of her, should I not, after such a Loss and Disgrace disdain to live? Death after such a Loss, is the welcome Mistress that can ease the disturbed Passions of Mind. Welcome then (said he, starting up in a furious Action, and drawing his Sword) art thou to me. And here he had died, had not a Messenger step'd in and in-

treated him to live; for that he had so joyful a Reprieve for him, that after he knew from whence he came, he would not desire to go out of the World before his Time.

The sudden Intrusion of the Messenger into his Chamber, as he was going to lay violent Hands on himself, made him Frown, and cast an angry Scarlet o'er his Fate, which gave him so terrible an Aspect, tho' otherwise very comely, that he could scarce look on him with steadfast Eyes. Mr. Brown seeing him stand Mute and in Amaze, broke Silence; *Who'er thou art* (said he) *thou deservest the Death thou wouldst preserve me from, for presuming to add more Fortunes in desiring me to retain a more loaded Life, than a thousand Deaths can give me.* Seeing him recollected, and resolv'd to perish by his own Hand, the Messenger found it no Time to dally; but said, Sir, I beg your Pardon for my Intrusion; but Heaven be prais'd, I hope its Seasonableness was directed from a Hand of Providence: Is not Mrs. Barry the Occasion of your Grief? Yes (said he) with up-
lifted

lifted Hands and Eyes) the fair, but false, Mrs. Barry, overwhelms me with Sorrow; and thereupon some Tears, in spite of all his Courage, trickled down his manly Cheeks. She lives (said the Messenger) and lives for you, if you be Mr. Brown, Sir. At this starting to him, he clasp'd him in his Arms so hard, as if in a convulsive Fit, crying out, O! My good Angel, speak those blessed Words again; let those blest Sounds o'erjoys my Ears and Heart; does Mrs. Barry live, and live for me? She do's; reply'd the Messenger, and then giving a Letter, he read as follows.

S I R,

BY the extraordinary Passion you seem to have for me, I am apt to flatter my self with a Belief of being uneasy about my Departure, of which I knew nothing of an Hour before I left my Father's House; and writ this Letter in the Coach, which is now carrying me to an Uncle living in London. The Bear-er, in whom you may confide, will inform you the particular Place where my

Residence will be in that great City, which yet I have never seen, therefore be in no manner precipitated in this Affair, since you may assure your self, that no Man shall have my Heart but your self, and Matters shall fall out as you expect, if you think it fitting to come to me, as soon as an Opportunity will permit. So pray rest satisfied; which is all at present from her who is intirely yours.

Mr. Brown was so transported with the Contents hereof, that he was ready to sink under the Excess of Joy, which over-bore any Hazard or Danger that might occur in the seeing of her. He presently rid Post, with the Messenger, to London, where finding out Mrs. Barry's Uncle, who had a strick Charge from her Father to be very watchful over her, for fear she should run astray in this populous Place, the Person who manag'd the Intreague betwixt her and this Gentleman, found the favourable Opportunity of acquainting her with her Lover's Arrival in Town, to whom she presently sent this Note.

SIR,

S I R,

Nothing is more joyful to me than the good News of your being so near me, as I am just now inform'd. I will certainly meet you about Six in the Evening by fair Rosomond's Pond in St. James's Park. But I charge you, for your Life, not to divulge so great a Secret to the dearest Friend you have; and I beg of you to burn this Paper, in which you will oblige yours to serve you.

The Gentleman readily embraced this Invitation, and strictly follow'd his Precepts, with a due Observation both of Time and Place. He was at the Pond before the Hour of Six, where Time rowl'd on in suspicious and fearful Apprehensions; for certainly Fear is as natural to a Lover as a Coward, and 'tis impossible any Man can be fearful unless he be dispirited. Thus for Want of Company, he impatiently past away the Time, till he was releas'd from his Impatience, by Mrs. Barry's coming to him according to her Promise. Now was

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the Time, that her Spark courted *Fortune* to second his Resolutions, having fully determin'd (within himself) to use all the Motives, that Love and Argument could supply him with to allure her to taste forbidden Fruit. He was not insensible this was a most ticklish Point to manage on a sudden, and required an Empire of Reason to lay the Design, and carry on with Success; for Virgins (whether through Fear or Modesty I shall not presume to determine) generally give Men the Trouble of tiresome Debates, and dallying Conferences before they make one Step, which may engage them beyond the Power of retreating: but after urging all the almost innumerable and tedious Hours which had past between them in the Country, and giving her all the Assurances of Marriage, he was prevail'd upon to be deprived of the Possession of that Property whereby he could write her self no longer, *Mistress*. When they first met, it is impossible for me to express the Joy and Satisfaction they had at the Sight of each

each other; their Embraces spoke the Transports of their Souls, in a Dialect above the Power of Rhetorick or Oratory to Explain; but as the Proverb says, *Hot Love is soon Cold* for no sooner had he pluckt the Blossoms of her Virginity, but he went into the Country, and had no more to say to her, but only to receive the Fruit of his Labour, which Death quickly nipping in the Bud, his Charge was all over. As for Mrs. Barry's Person, her Beauty was not extraordinary; but being somewhat witty, tall of Stature, majestick in walking, and emphatical in speaking, those Qualifications, with a good Stock of Impudence, recommended her to the Play-house, where becoming in a short time a good Proficient on the Stage, she quickly got the Name of a famous Actress, either for deep Tragedy or genteel Comedy. Now several Persons of Quality begin to take Notice of this Mock-Queen or Lady's Accomplishments, who was as expert in Sin as the most ingenious Gentlewoman that ever lifted under the Banners of the English Theatre. Among

mong her Admirers was the honourable *John Wilmot* the witty Earl of *Rochester*, who often attackt her with Love Addresses without Success; but being at last resolv'd to be releas'd from the Plague of Dependance, he boldly broke his Intention to her; and she as boldly appear'd in a Resolution of Virtue, by vouchsafing to let his Honour know, that she would not have him trouble himself any farther about her, for all he could do should have no Effect.

His Lordship let her alone for the present, but was vext at her Repulse; and one Day talking to her in the Dressing Room belonging to the Playhouse in *Drury Lane*, in a menacing Passion told Mrs *Barry* he would satyrize her. Now there having been such a great Familiarity between 'em, that she had sent several Letters to his Honour, she begg'd he would not expose and ruine her, but have a little Patience, and burn her Letters, and she would grant his Request. He told her, it must be her own Fault if ever they came to the Eye of the World, and he hop'd she thought 'em safe

safe in the same Hands she had seemingly repos'd once her Heart; for notwithstanding the Coldness of late, he heartily laid aside all Prejudice, and had as great a Value and Respect for her as ever; but since the Amour had been turn'd topsy-torvy, and she had so many Revolutions in her Temper, he thought it proper she should renew her Promise of obliging him with a solemn Vow. Accordingly, she gave him farther Assurances of her Constancy and Fidelity to him, though at the same Time (as his Lordship understood) she was carrying on another Intreague with the Earl of D——; but that Night salvd all their Differences, by entertaining him till Morning at her Lodging; and his Lordship prov'd a constant Friend to her till his dying Day: however, it is not to be doubted but she found other Lords as kind to her whilst she was young; among whom, and by her Performance on the Stage, 'tis said she pickt up some thousands of Pounds; but at last Death serving on her a Writ of *Diem clausit extremum*, she acted her last

Part

Part at her House in Red-Lion Court in Drury-Lane, to the great Grief of the Players, Anno 1713, Aged about 54 Years.

The following Letters shew that Madam Barry was not constant to one Man in her Amours.

My D E A R,

AS you are the Life and Joy of my Soul, I die for you, and languish after you, my Life; since I am out of your Presence (which is more intolerable to me than the severest Death) I cannot live without a Sight of you; so I wait your Directions how I may once more be happy in the Enjoyment of your Company, which if you forbid me, you strike a Dagger into my Heart, which now bleeds for you. Your Answer is my Sentence of Life or Death, which I impatiently wait for and if you ever loved, I now beg your Pity on the most unhappy and forlorn.

ROC H E S T E R

A N

ANSWER.

SIR,

TO Morrow the Earl of P——ke goes out of Town, and at Ten in the Morning I will meet your Lordship in the long Piazza in Covent-Garden; till then farewell my Dear, my dearest Rochester.

BARRY.

MADAM,

I Must acknowledge that you are my Conqueror, and I am your Slave, but I hope never to be transferr'd or chang'd, but to wear out my Life in so grateful a Bondage. The Sense of my own humble Condition forbids me to lift up my Eyes to my adored Mistress, unless raised above my own Pitch by the Purchase of Honour, which I am willing to seek with the Hazard of my Life, that my Head may be compassed with Laurels, to preserve me from being blasted by the angry Lightning of your Eyes,

Eyes, for my Confidence and Presumption: Madam, I humbly beg Pardon for your affectionate Slave.

PEMBROKE.

ANSWER.

THE Service you have done me, does challenge a far greater Acknowledgment, than lies in my Power to give you, and I hope will excuse me, if I say something to you kind and extravagant. I have no other way to requite your Civilities, but to tell you what Power they have over a Soul so sensible as mine is, and it is your own Fault that you have not more acceptable Proofs of my Love and Affection to you. Indeed you have made my Heart your Captive, whilst I am

BARRY.

MADAM,

DID you know with what Impatience I expect the Favour of your Reply, I assure my self your Charity would

would oblige you and prompt you on to set my Mind at quiet: But as that is an Honour which I must expect from your Goodness, rather than the Passion I have to your Service, I must have recourse to Prayers, beseeching you very humbly to vouchsafe an Answer, which may authorize the Quality I bear of, Madam, your most humble and most obedient Servant.

DORSET.

ANSWER.

S I R,

IF I have yet any Command over your Soul, as you seem to intimate I have, then you must not die; but preserve a Life that is precious to me, and may yet be serviceable to redeem from the Misery of being daily tortur'd by a parcel of impertinent Coxcombs, who presume to be my Lovers, and your Rivals, but only you may depend solely upon the Affections of your Admirer.

BARRY.

MA-

MADAM,

I Hope you will not deny me this humble Request of giving me your Picture, being well assur'd that I value the Original above all the Things in the World; that beautiful Substance, whose Features and Graces you animate with so much Sweetness, appear'd in my Sight so adorable, that I long extremely after the Shadow. You may give Comfort to this Impatience of mine when you please, by granting me the Expectation of that Favour, which I will place in the Rank of the greatest Felicities, which ever can happen to me, since it gives me the noblest Means of testifying the Resentment which I have, in Quality of *Mindam*, your most humble Servant.

ALBEMARLE

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

My Lord Duke by

YOUR Request is so obliging, that I am forc'd to grant it, being glad you will have often before your Eyes, the Image of her that Honour'd you extremely; You will do me a Favour to believe it, and likewise that I am, Sir, your most humble Servant.

BARRY

Madam Barry was (as hinted before) an incomparable Actress, who perform'd her Parts as much by Nature as Art, which excellent Qualities being joyn'd to that of her Majestick Presence when she Trod the Stage, incited many Noblemen, besides what are already taken notice of, to be her most humble Servants. Among the rest was the Earl of S., who no sooner discover'd the readiness of her Wit, and good Shape, but he counted her the Paragon of her Sex. However, his Lordship could

could not, neither did he Desire it, see into her Soul, to behold the Vices which lay conceal'd under so fair an Outside; for with all her Accomplishments she was fickle, sullen, and revengeful, and what is much worse, of an incontinent and lustful Temper; but this captivated Lover observ'd none of these Deformities, for the Lustre of her Eyes, and the bright Glories of her beauteous Form, when dress'd in her theatrick Apparel, had dazled his. His Honour made his court very passionately to this Mock-Queen, whom he found very reserv'd and shie, though she entertain'd him civilly, but without any Sign of Love and Affection, so that he soon perceiv'd nothing but a long and formal Siege could take her, and accomplish his lustful Desires.

Another great Earl at the same time paid his Respects to her, and was best accepted of the two; but nevertheless, fearing by his great Rival the the Earl of S—, the Loss of his intended Mistress, he earnestly solicited her to forsake the Play-house, to live with him in the Country, which

which request she as often refus'd with a Complement; whereupon seeing no Probability of obtaining his Desire, he resolv'd to carry her off by Stratagem. To this end he engag'd her Maid by rich Presents, to tempt her abroad the next Day to take the Air a little way out of Town, and then conduct her to a remote Place; at an appointed Hour, where they no sooner arriv'd, but they were surpriz'd by some Gentlemen on Horseback in Ambush, and notwithstanding their Shrieks and Outcries, were forcibly carried to the Nobleman's Coach.

This Violence extreamly troubled Madam Barry, who (thought her noble Lover threw himself at her Feet, and begg'd Pardon for so great a Rudeness) being of a haughty Temper, and proud Spirit, resolv'd to chastize him for it. The Nobleman endeavour to pacifie her, with all the most humble Submission he could make, and with smooth and passionate Language, allay the Storm he had rais'd, but all his Rhetorick was in vain; when considering this was
no

no Place for a long Parley; he committed her to the care of a trusty Friend, and two more of his Acquaintance, to carry her a private way to his Country Seat, whilst he for a Day or two was oblig'd to go to *London* upon extraordinary Business. His Lordship having settled his Affairs, posted away cross the Country to make a Visit to his Mistress; but on the way he met his Friend wounded, who presently recounted to him the sad Disaster he had met with; how that Madam Barry was forc'd from him by the Earl of S—, who with a great Retinue had accidentally met him on the Road; which News afflicted him beyond Measure, but seeing no Remedy, his Lordship return'd to *London*, full of Grief and Vexation.

This Affront of her Lover, and the generous Gallantry of the Earl of S—, had now planted her sickle and wandering Heart in his Breast, who upon important Matters was oblig'd then to go to *Flanders*, which made Madam Barry much discontented, when she saw his Lordship did not re-
turn,

turn, as she had flatter'd her self he would upon her Account; her troubled Breast was wreckt with Hopes and Fears, and great was the Conflict between Love and Despair: the handsome Proportion, sweet Countenance, genteel Behaviour, courtly Speeches, and noble Carriage of the Earl of S— oblig'd her to think him the most compleat Nobleman she had ever seen, yet as she could not see his Lordship now, she endeavour'd to settle her Passion, and calm the Ruffles of her Mind into a serene and tranquil Temper. But the Contest was again renew'd, and Love gain'd the Victory; whereupon she writ a Letter to his Honour, which he receiving, and the unexpected Encouragement to obtain her Love, advancing his Hopes of Success, he return'd her an Answer, which reading a thousand times, she fancied new Charms, and fresh Pleasures in every Line; sometimes she would call him cruel and ungreatful, and then excusing him, would blame her self, and resolv'd to be constant to his Love: Her Maid seeing her Extravagancy piti-

pitied her very much, and try'd all ways to divert her, and renew her old Flame for the Nobleman who stole her away, but in vain. She was so encens'd against him for his late rude Behaviour, that the Pride of her Mind, but more the Love of the Earl of S—, excluded all Hopes of Reconciliation.

But in a short time after the Earl return'd to *England*, when paying a Visit to *Madam Barry*, she threw her Arms about his Neck, in a Transport of Joy sunk down into his. Before they parted a vow'd League of Friendship pass'd between them, and Articles of a polluted Love were seal'd; they were now become one, and united in Wickedness; and the amorous and passionate Earl sufficiently satisfy'd the lustful Actress.

THE

*The Lord CUTTS, and the Lady
BROUGHTON.*

AN eminent Knight in *Northampton-shire*, had no Child of Eighteen surviving, but only this Daughter, the *Lady Broughton*, to whom one *Esquire Butler* paid Adoration; but could receive no Favour from her, unless he could obtain her Father's leave to Court her. Here he began to contrive and lay down such Proposals to himself, as might be most conducive to bring his Design to a happy Issue; in the interim the Lady anticipated his Intention, by breaking the whole Matter her self to her Father, which she took care her Sweetheart should be acquainted with. It was not many Days e'er the old Knight made an Appointment to meet the young Squire; he was so fearful of disappointing him, that he rather chose to be something earlier than the Hour prefix'd; he nick'd the Time directly, and after they had exchanged a few words, and such common Complements as are consistent with good Manners and Civility, he gave him to under-

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stand that he knew of the Love which he pretended to his Daughter.

Now whether his Daughter began to grow uneasie under Family Jars, or what made the Courtship go on harmoniously betwixt 'em, he could not tell; for it really seem'd to the Squire, that there was some latent Fortune was a kind of Friend to their Amour; because upon all the Knight's Enquiries backwards and forwards, as to any particular, there were but few Scruples, and those so trivial and foreign, that they were immediately banish'd and quash'd, and he was not in the least harsh or discompos'd in Converse, Disposition or Humour; but on the contrary, his Temper seem'd to be fix'd in a diametrical opposition to every thing that lookt like Dissatisfaction; so that at the close of their Interview, he told him he would make a small Scrutiny into his Character and Behaviour, as likewise would pursue that conjugal Precept of consulting his Wife, who ought to have a share of disposing her Child; after which, in a few Days he would let him know, whether he should be permitted by Parental Authority to proceed in his Applications to his Daughter. Here the Squire was pinn'd down, and durst not make

make another Step, till he had Liberty from the Oracle of his Will; so he liv'd in a sort of Exile, till the old Man had made his Enquiry. His Retirement did not continue long, e'er he receiv'd a palatable Message that the Knight desir'd to speak with him; accordingly he went to meet his Destiny, and luckily was receiv'd with the greatest Respect and Decorum; and as the Eyes are sometimes taken to be the Index of the Heart, by his Observations he found himself exempted from Danger, and receiv'd the kindest Invitation, in these words. *Sir, I have made my Enquiry, and sent for you, to tell you, that I have receiv'd such entire satisfaction, that you are welcome to come to my House as oft as you please; if I am not within, my Wife will treat you civilly, and when my Daughter and you have agreed the Matter between your selves, let me know, and I will proceed to the Settlement.*

At the same time he invited the Squire to Dinner, and very freely and kindly introduc'd him. The Dinner was genteel and decent, and he as welcomly receiv'd; though he had Din'd with Duke Humphrey, and his Sweetheart had made a third Person; he could have been as well satisfied as a Cardinal plac'd in the Centre of 40 well

fill'd Dishes, provided by the Directions of the most notorious Epicure; the greatest Rarities could not have tempted him to Excess, his Eyes were without intermission fix'd upon the young Lady, who lookt as gay as the Spring; and as the nearer we approach the Sun, we must expect to receive its more powerful Heat, so her Charms appear'd so perfect and extraordinary, that he now lov'd her, was beyond the possibility of any peradventure; Dinner was no sooner over, and a little vulgar Chat made an end of, but the two Lovers were left in the Possession of the Room; whereupon he was considering with himself, whether their being left alone proceeded from Accident, or Design; the Impression her Charms made upon him, suspended his Judgment for a Time, but finding no manner of interruption, he made his Personal Address to his Mistress, and acquainted her (with the greatest seriousness) how far her Father and he had agreed. She then told him, *That since my Father had been pleas'd to give you Admittance, I have no reason to oppose your coming to the House; and if I am within, I will never refuse my seeing you.*

The Squire found a vast Delight in her Conversation; for she was not only Mistress of a ready Wit, but a sound Judgment; the Sun therefore was not more constant to the Day, than he was to her, for he could not go a Day and not sacrifice some Hours at her Shrine; and that which highly added to the pleasure and satisfaction of his Visits, was her Mother's condescension in giving all the Privileges young Ladies could desire; nay as the greatest Token of her Kindness, she seem'd to be dissatisfied that he did not freely command any thing her House would afford, and generally entertain'd him above his expectation: Upon such numerous Friendships, and such a Scene of Prosperity, he had no room left for Doubts or Suspicion, because he did not question, but by a sedate stable and unalterable Love, to bring the young Lady into an inviolable League and reciprocal Affection.

About this Time he receiv'd a Letter, wherein he was advertiz'd, since he stood upon so happy a Basis, to make the quickest dispatch in securing the young Lady's Affection, for that her Mother was a perfect Weather-cock in her Temper, and generally of an irreconcilable Disposition,

when she fancy'd to be fretful. The Squire was not a little shock'd and disorder'd at the Receipt hereof; but fearing there should be too much Truth in the Information, he did not go about to disprove it. The very next Day, the most proper Opportunity presented it self, and Madam *Broughton* gave him her Promise of Marriage; he thought they were nearly ally'd by this time, so all things ran in their proper Channel, till about four of the Clock the same Day, about which hour he frequently visited his Sweetheart. He was admitted after the usual manner, and entred the House, expecting the same Freedom of access as all along he had been bless'd with, when upon his Compliment to the young Lady's Mother, which was customary from his first Visit, he saw nothing but Darknes and Displeasure in her Countenance, which caus'd in him a sort of Confusion. Indeed he had time to recover himself, for that there was in Company a Relation of the Mother's, and at present not being oblig'd to demand Reasons for that Strangeness, thought fit to let the Thing rest till the Gentleman's absence should enlarge his opportunity of enquiring into the bottom of such a negligent Reception. But in the interim,

interim, the young Lady look'd at the Squire, and he gaz'd as wishfully at her; though the use of their Eyes was the extent of their Felicity; for it had been as dangerous an Experiment for him to have saluted her, notwithstanding she had promis'd him Marriage, considering the irregular and disorderly temper of her Mother, as it would to have been to have gather'd the fairest Flower that ever *Egypt* afforded in the Face of a *Crocodile*. The young Lady, who could guess at the inside of her Mother, by the displacing the least Wrinkle in her Face, saw farther into the matter than he could pretend to do; so his Sweetheart desir'd to speak with her; accordingly they withdrew into the Mother's Chamber, leaving the Parlour to the Relation and himself. He all the while was wondring what Politicks could keep 'em so long in Consultation; but, to his greatest Amazement, the Mother return'd without the Daughter. It was not long e'er the Cousin withdrew, and then she fairly let him into a sort of a Secret, and in such a manner, that he believ'd no Man though never so mean, was ever treated before. But lest he should judge wrong, and lay an injurious Opinion upon the Mother,

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ther, which might be deem'd an Imposition, or a groundless Reflection, he began with all submission to enquire the Cause of her Displeasure, when she presently lookt with a grim aspect, and attack'd him in these words. *Pray, Sir, what Business have you here? Why don't you get out of my House? I want no such Guests.*

This was her first Salutation, which surpriz'd him beyond a possibility of speaking for a while, and had any one been in his Place, and storm'd at that rate, after a Series of civil Usage, he did not question but it would have startled him, though a Man of the politest Capacity. Again she said, *Get out of my House, you sorry Fellow; for if you stay 'till Midnight you shall not see my Daughter.* Here the Squire endeavour'd to appease her a little, and told her, he thought that way of expostulating was ill tim'd, because her Daughter had promis'd to Mary him; and he was admitted by her and her Husband, and encourag'd by both of 'em to Solicit for that Promise. But she would not lose an Inch in her part of the Dialogue, but proceeded in this manner: *Prithee tell me nothing of that, you have neither Wedded her, nor Bred her, and I don't care a F—t for your*

your Promise ; but you carry the Devil in your Mouth, instead of a Tongue, and have deluded and ensnar'd my Child ; for my Husband Courted me three Years before he ask'd me the Question.

The Squire was here surpriz'd at her Gallimaufry of Nonsense, and beg'd leave to speak ; in answer to which he urg'd, that if any body had deluded her Child, which he could not believe, it could be no body but her Husband and her self ; because he never address'd himself in Person 'till he had their unanimous admittance, and that without a Reserve. He likewise asserted, that his getting her Daughter's Consent so early, was the greatest argument of his Love to her ; and he wonder'd how she could be disoblig'd, being it was the main End for which she and her Husband licens'd him to converse with her ; and that 'twas his Opinion a Woman might be told as much in three Weeks in these Days, as would be proportionable to her three Years Courtship she was pleas'd to mention. Her Temper now began to grow rugged and tempestuous without measure ; at length he ask'd her if she had any Reasons to give him, for using him at this rate ? whether he

had in any particular mis-behav'd himself, or she hear'd any ill Character of him; but having no Reason, she could give him none; so she took upon her self an Absolute Despotick Power; and when he mention'd applying himself to her Husband, who he hop'd would give him a Reason for this course Treatment; she seem'd to undervalue him for his propos'd Application, and told him very haughtily, *You are much mistaken, if you think to get any thing by that way of proceeding, for I will have the disposing of my Daughter; and therefore stand no longer prating here, but get out of my House.* Upon which he bow'd to her, and took his leave; but her Passion was so great she could not return the Civility; and the Squire was so great a Fool, as to go presently Home, and drown himself in one of his Fish-ponds.

This ill usage of the old Gentlewoman exerted toward the young Lady's Sweet-heart, much troubled her; but finding by the sorrowful News of the young Squire's violent Death, that she should never more be remitted in his Conversation, she grew Melancholy-Mad; however, she was by the Skill of several Physicians, restor'd to her right Senses; when highly resenting her

her Mother's ill Humour, for depriving her of a Lover, on whom she had wholly settled her Heart; to compleat her own Unhappiness, she made a Resolution never to Marry, but would surrender her Honour and Vertue to the first Man (if she fancied him) that should ask her the Question. Not long after the Lord CURTIS going that way in his Journey to *Chester*, from whence he was to proceed to his Post in *Ireland*, he happen'd to lie at this Knight's House; where beholding his pretty Daughter, the sight of her retarded his Expedition, till he had accomplish'd his Intrigue of getting the young Lady's Consent to go along with him. Accordingly, his Lordship stole her away; and so fond was he of his charming Beauty, when beyond-sea, that for two Years, if he was without her Company any where, the place was uneasie to him; and no Curiosity either of Art or Nature could entertain him with the least Delight. The Prospect of the Country in all the Gaiety of a forward Spring, was even intolerable to his Honour; every thing appear'd Salvage; the fairest Towns seem'd Wildernesses, and the most critically-adorn'd Gardens but so many Deserts. He was like a distracted

Mariner

Mariner who had no Compass to Steer by, for he could not tell what Course to take without her Conversation. But at last being cloy'd with his once most delicious Mistress, he turn'd her off with the small Pension of 50 Pounds per Annum; so that she liv'd at *Athlone* about three Years; from whence coming *Anno 1705* over to *England*, she was cast away in the Irish Seas, on the 24th Year of her Age.

This was her unhappy Fate, which she might have avoided, had she been contented with the good Fortune which attended her after the Lord *Cutts* cast her off; for the Governor of *Athlone* Marrying her purely for her extraordinary Beauty, she might have liv'd very happy the remainder of her Life; but a French Colonel often Dining at the Governor's House, those frequent Interviews gave him the opportunity of a free Converse with his Wife. The Colonel whose Inclinations were always Amorous, soon discover'd the Imperfections of this Gentlewoman, and how to attack the Fort where it was least capable of Resistance. To this end he courted all opportunities of Address to her; in which he behav'd himself with that Artifice and Cunning, that his subtle Charms

Charms soon won her Heart, and made it a Slave to his Lust.

The great Observance and profound Respects the Colonel constantly paid his Lover, were diligently remark'd by an *Irish* Captain in the same Regiment, who was also deeply enamour'd with this Gentlewoman's Beauty, and promis'd himself that happy Conquest, which he now presum'd the Gallantry and Courtship of the Colonel had rob'd him of. This made him resolute in his Revenge, which his Interest and Familiarity with the Governor, in some measure gave him an Opportunity to effect, which he endeavour'd in this manner. Being one Day alone with the Governor in his Closet, he took occasion to tell the Governor, that he never saw the Colonel's Success in any Battle, but to his Knowledge he was very prosperous in all his Amorous Encounters with the fair Sex. Say you so? said the Governor, Is the Colonel so great an Artist in the Affairs of Love? Yes, Sir, said the Captain, and his Confidence enough to tempt a Nun, if once his Breast is warm'd with the heats of Passion and Desire. You would make me jealous, said the Governor, did I not believe you are mistaken in the Character of him; I have oftentimes observ'd his familiar

familiar Freedom with my Wife, but never yet question'd his Honour, or her Honesty. Heaven forbid, reply'd the Captain, no doubt but your Lady is Vertuous, Chast, and uncorrupt, as the falling Snow, or Virgin Fountain; but this once shed upon the Earth, is trod by every common Foot, and those Waters which were pure in their original Bed, do often lodge in dirty Ditches, and by the dangerous Neighbourhood of Filth, at last incorporate with it, and become polluted Streams. I mean, Sir, the Devil tempted Eve, and she yielded to it. But though I believe the Colonel dare be a Devil in his Temptation, yet I hope your Lady will never be an Eve in her Compliance. This Discourse stir'd the Governor's Breast with Jealousie and Suspicion; and to add more Fuel to the Flame, looking accidentally out of the Window, he saw the Colonel and his Wife walking Hand in Hand in the Garden, till they enter'd a Summer-House, where he catch'd them in the Act of Adultery, and presently turn'd her out of Doors, to shift for her self.

Bean SEYMOUR and the Lady
DANVERS.

AT the City of *Bath* in *Somersetshire*, dwelt one Sir *Jonathan Danvers* a Baronet, worth about 5000 l. per Annum, and one Day as he was abroad in the Fields, with several other Gentlemen, who were his daily Companions in his Country Recreations, his Falconer discover'd a large Heron upon the Wing, whereupon the Baronet immediately order'd him to try the Courage of his Hawk, if he durst fasten on so bold an Enemy. After several Bickerings in the Air, to the great satisfaction of the Spectators, the Conflict remain'd doubtful; 'till at last the Hawk impatient in the Conquest of his stubborn Adversary, redoubled his Force and struck him to the Ground, who fell into the Garden of one Mr. *Bennet*, a Gentleman of a pretty good Estate, living within two or three Miles of the above-mentioned City, whither they all hasted to the assistance of the Hawk, and seizure of their Game. Mr. *Bennet* understanding that Sir *Jonathan*, with several other Gentlemen, was gone into

into his Garden, follow'd after, where he found'em taking up the Heron, yet alive, though disabled; all the Company highly commended the Courage and Strength of the Hawk, which the Baronet seem'd very much pleas'd at, and being invited into the House of Mr. *Bennet*, was nobly Treated; and there he first saw the eldest Daughter of that Gentleman; to whom, with all the Expressions of Respect and Kindness, he presented the Heron, which she with equal Grace and Courtesie receiv'd.

Now this Gentlewoman, in whom Vertue and Beauty were equally eminent, was, by the Consent and Approbation of her Father, contracted to one Mr. *Miles Middleton*, a Gentleman of about 600 Pounds a Year, living in a neighbouring Village; and who being lately return'd from his Travels in *Spain*, *Portugal* and *Italy*, desir'd no other Repose of his future Happiness, but what he should find in the soft Embraces of Mr. *Bennet's* beautiful Daughter. The Baronet having paid his Thanks to her Father, for his generous Reception and splendid Entertainment, took his leave of him, inviting him to his House at *Barb*; and told him, that as such a fortunate Accident had made him happy in his Acquaintance,

quaintance, he would study all Opportunities to improve it; and he hoped they who were so near Neighbours, should be no longer Strangers to one another in their Friendship and Conversation. Mr. Bennet promis'd in few Days to wait upon him; so Night coming on, the Company parted, and the Baronet retired Home; where being alone, his Thoughts began to reflect on the Beauty of Madam Bennet; the elegant Composure of her, and the excellent perfections of her Mind, which had now made so violent an assault and deep impression on his Heart, that his Blood, which had been chill'd with the Age of 60 Winters, now grew warm and wanton, his Pulse beat vigorously, and all parts grew active and sprightly, so powerful is the strong impulse of Love.

About a Week after Mr. Bennet went to Sir Jonathan's House, who receiv'd him with all the demonstrations of Friendship and Respect imaginable; and having entertain'd him with a very sumptuous Dinner, after a pleasant Discourse on the great Advantages of a true and sincere Friendship, the Baronet began an excellent Harangue in Commendation of Love, and the Happiness of Marriage, above the Care and Solitude

litude of a single Life; which Mr. Bennet assented to, saying, *I much wonder that a Person of your Honour, who wants nothing to render you compleatly happy, have never yet tasted the Joys of Wedlock, which you have so passionately extoll'd.* The Baronet told him, *Amongst all the Beauties of this Nation, I have but once seen that incomparable Creature worthy of my Affections.* And pray then (reply'd Mr. Bennet) what could obstruct the noble Designs of your Love? That Question (quoth the Baronet) you can best answer. *It is your Daughter I love; she alone is the Lady of my Affections, at whose Feet I would prostrate my self and all the Titles of Honour and Fortune I am Master of, to receive the Name of Husband from her, more glorious and valuable to me, than the purple Robes of aspiring Senators, or the sparkling Diadems of Eastern Monarchs.* Mr. Bennet was not a little surpriz'd to hear the Baronet, with so much ardency of Affection commend his Daughter; nor did he presently know what Answer to return; the Ambition of seeing his Daughter a Baronet's Lady, and that Breach of Faith which would necessarily attend it, rais'd two different Passions in his Breast, and so far distracted his Thoughts, that the Baronet might easily

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read the Labours and Troubles of his Mind in his discompos'd Countenance and profound Silence. At last having something recover'd himself, he thus reply'd; Sir, the Transcendency of your Goodness, and the noble Offer you please to make my Daughter, is so great an Honour to my Family, that I, who am highly sensible of my own Demerits, can receive it with no less Transports of Joy and Satisfaction, than the Captive does his Freedom, or the condemn'd Criminal a gracious Reprieve.

The next Day the Baronet return'd Mr. Berner's Visit, and made his first Address to his Daughter; who being acquainted by her Father, with the great professions of Kindness, Sir Jonathane had made to him, and his more particular Respect to her, gave him a Reception which rather shew'd her Deference and Regard to his Quality, than any Delight she receiv'd from the Courtship of a Lover. However, the Baronet so vigorously pursu'd his Amours, that in a short time he absolutely gain'd the Father, and had been no less successful over the Affections of the Daughter, had not her Pre-engagement to Mr. Middleton, obstructed the conquest of his Flames; who was fully resolv'd, that no Power

Power should be able to loose that sacred Tye, by which they were so firmly link'd together: Nor should all those empty Titles of Honour, now laid at her Feet, tempt her Heart to Treachery, and prevail upon her to forsake him to whom she had once vow'd eternal Constancy and Fidelity. Mr. Middleton was soon acquainted by Madam Bennet with the unwelcome News, that Sir Jonathan Danvers was his Rival in his Pretensions to her, which he receiv'd with a Courage undaunted; telling her, *That as no Person of what Quality soever, durst make an attempt upon your Vertue, so I am well assur'd he would find as cold Entertainment in your Affections; and that you who knows the Honour and Justice of my Cause, is the fittest Person to determine my Right, which Sir Jonathan with more Treachery than Galantry has endeavour'd to supplant.* Mrs. Bennet with repeated Promises gave fresh assurance of a constant and loyal Heart, which all the Charms of Ambition should never be able to effect with Levity; nor the gilded Promises of a plentiful Joyn-ture corrupt with Infidelity.

But alas! what Heart is so steeld from all Impressions of Vice, that Covetousness and Ambition can make no dint upon it?

TOM

Love

Love too often softens the most rigid and austere Vertue, which once made pliable, receives the easie Impressions of those Crimes, we at first so boldly scorn'd and detested. This was the Case of the fair, but inconstant, *Mrs. Bennet*; the present Temptation of Riches and Honour were so often presented to her, with all the glorious Train of future Blessings, that at last the gaudy show stagger'd her weaker Resolution; and she rather chose the Age and Impotency of a gouty Baronet, than the Youth and Vigour of her former Lover. In short, the sedulous Addresses of Sir *Jonathan*, joyn'd with the powerful Commands of her Father, at last took place; and *Mrs. Bennet* consented to the Marriage, which in a Month's time was solemniz'd in *Bath*, with all the Magnificence and Splendor a generous Bounty was able to express. *Mr. Middleton* was not long before he receiv'd Intelligence of the fatal News, and a positive Confirmation of his own unhappy State, by the treacherous *Mrs. Bennet*, whom we may now call the *Lady Danvers*; which so nearly reach'd his Heart, that he immediately fell into a deep Melancholy, which continued for several Months upon him, and had now brought him

him into a Consumption ; which his Friends apprehending the Danger of, advis'd him to remove to *Oxford* for Change of Air ; where we shall leave him at present to the Care of the most able and learned Physicians, and return to the Lady *Danvers*, who has now attain'd the utmost perfection of that Happiness she had aspir'd to.

The Baronet and his Lady liv'd at *Bath*, and to all appearance no Persons could be more happy than Sir *Jonathan* in the Embraces of his Spouse, and she in the Love and Endearments of her Husband : But alas ! the fairest Picture hath its shade, and the brightest Day is clos'd by a dark and dismal Night. The Lady *Danvers* had not been Married above 9 Months before she grew pale and wan, the Roses of her Cheeks were faded, and the little Cupids which formerly dan'd in her Eyes, were fled and gone, a Cloud of Melancholly sat hovering on her Forehead, and all her Actions and Discourse spoke the Resentments of a troubled and discontented Mind. Her Conversation had now lost that Air and Briskness she was once so admir'd for, and all her Time was spent in a solitary Retirement to her Closet, or in the most shady Recesses of her Garden, where she

She sigh'd away her bitter Hours in Complaints to the more happy Birds, who free from the Tyranny of humane Laws, did once a Year choose their own Mates, and in fresh Enjoyments could Bill without controul. Sir *Jonathan* was passionately concern'd to see his beloved Paragon so strangely alter'd; and with all the tender expressions of Love and Kindness endeavour'd to expel those Troubles which had seiz'd her Mind; but all in vain, Age had now made him an impotent Physician, and Nature deny'd him that *Elixir* of Life which could only cure the Longings of a youthful and vigorous Lady. However, recovering her Health, as also Mr. *Middleton*, he return'd to the *Bath*, where he waited all Opportunities to get a sight of her, which soon after he effected. Understanding the Lady *Danvers* us'd to go to the Cathedral in that City, he constantly paid his Devotions there; where at last he espy'd her kneeling in a Pew, and not observing her Husband, or any of her Servants near, went and kneel'd down by her. It is not difficult to guess what Saint he made his Prayer to, nor what was the subject of his Petition; the Lady was strangely surpriz'd to see her former Lover so near her, and
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in the midst of his Discourse bid him forbear, and meet her there the next Afternoon at four precisely. Mr. *Middleton* in the interim suffer'd all the Torments that variety of Thoughts could rack him with; sometimes blaming her Disloyalty to him, he expected nothing but Scorn and Contempt; and presently, when he consider'd her first Infidelity, it gave him Hopes she might prove as faithless to the Baronet, whose cold and impotent Embraces could never oblige the craving Desires of a youthful Beauty. The Hour was now come, and Mr. *Middleton* impatiently expected the Lady, who presently came and kneel'd down in the same place he had seen her before; then placing himself next to her, she immediately gave him a Note into his Hands, wherein he found the following Contents.

SIR,

TO morrow my Husband goes out of Town, and at Ten in the Morning I will be at the Cathedral, till then farewell, my Dear.

Mr. *Middleton* was overjoy'd at this Assignment, and punctually observ'd it; where, notwithstanding his Diligence, the

Lady

Lady prevented him; from whence they went immediately to a Friends House of his, and so directly to a private Garden of Pleasure, where the Recluseness presented them with the Opportunity of a more secret Converse. Mr. Middleton could not so prudently stifle his Resentments of Madam Danvers's Inconstancy, but she presently observ'd Discontent in his Looks, and by the breaks of his Discourse, that a more fix'd and compos'd Trouble was settled in his Heart. Whereupon, my Dear (said she) *you blame me, I know, and presume the justice of your Cause, will warrant your Reflections on my guilty Breast; I confess, I am not so innocent as I ought to be, yet let not the Prosecution exceed the Quality of my Offence; if I have wrong'd your Goodness by my Breach of Faith, let that Goodness now forgive me, and my too late Repentance be my Punishment.* The Lady's Penitency, and Mr. Middleton's Mercy, soon wrought a perfect Reconciliation; and the rest of the time was spent in more pleasant and amorous Entertainments. At Evening they parted, when Madam Danvers told her Gallant, the Visit he promis'd she'd receive at her own House the next Day, for she did not expect her Husband's Return for a Week or longer.

I. Thu.

Thus they had frequent Interviews, in the absence of the Baronet, by the assistance of her Chamber-maid, who being privy to the Intrigues of Love betwixt the Lady and Mr. *Middleton*, was very serviceable to their Amours, by admitting him a Nights privately into her Lodgings, where they revel'd often in forbidden Pleasures, little dreaming of those heavy Judgments which so closely pursu'd their Adulterous Crimes. The Baronet was now return'd, who observ'd great Alterations in the Temper and Behaviour of his Lady; her Humour had now recover'd its former sprightliness, and nothing seem'd so dear and obliging to her, as the Embraces of her Husband; which he was extremely pleas'd withal, mistaking that for Love and Kindness in her, which was only a feign'd Passion and crafty Disguize, to conceal a more notorious offence. In a few Months she appearing to be with Child, her Husband doated on her more than ever; prais'd his own Happiness in a mistaken Blessing, deeming that the strength of his impotent Age, and the glory of his gray Hairs, which was the effect of youthful Lust, in his shameless and adulterous Wife.

But

But not long after the old Baronet by accident took up a Letter in his Ladies Chamber, and found the Directions of it to Mr. *Middleton*; the Name startled him extremely, wondering how it should come there; the Contents of it, were Business writ from some Gentleman in the Country; after he had a long time ponder'd upon the Matter, with all the Disquisitions of a *Spanish* Jealousie, he resolv'd the Point, that this Gentleman was most certainly his Ladies Gallant, and probably the same Person, since the Name was so, to whom he too lately understood she had been pre-contracted. The Letter however he conceal'd, and presuming, if there were any such Intrigue that the Chamber-maid was acquainted with it, his Lady being gone to Church, he strictly examin'd her, whom he endeavour'd to threaten into a Confession, which she courageously withstood; but at last being tempted with a Purse of Guineas, she made that Faith a Slave to Gold; which could not be forc'd by the Terrors of Punishment; and discover'd the dangerous Secret, with all its Circumstances. The Baronet receiv'd the dismal Story with Horror and Amazement, curs'd his own unhappy Fortune, and much more

the Treachery of his disloyal Lady; after a little pause he gratified his Chambermaid according to his Promise, and commanding her to Silence, retir'd to his Closet, where he meditated a Revenge suitable to his own Injury, and his Wife's Infidelity.

Three Days after he told his Lady with a smiling Countenance, he must leave her to lie alone that Night, and go to *Bristol* for some Writings he wanted about a Law Suit he had in hand, but would be back the next Day in the Evening; and to give a fairer gloss to the Business, and make her more secure, order'd her if one Mr. *Hull* his Attorney came, to give him some Parchments which lay on the Desk in his Closet, of which he left her the Key. The Baronet immediately went on his pretended Journey, who was no sooner gone, but the Lady sent Mr. *Middleton* word of it, and desir'd his Company that Night; and her Spark, who had never yet fail'd her amorous Invitation, was punctual at the Hour. The Baronet pretending to his Servants he had forgot something, return'd by 11 at Night, and went directly up to her Chamber, attended by a Gentleman that waited on him, whom he order'd to knock at the Door, which was lockt

lockt, and say, he had a Letter to his Lady of urgent Business from her Husband. The Lovers having wearied themselves with the repetition of their unlawful Pleasures, lay fast asleep enchas'd in each others Arms, till the Chambermaid awaking her Lady, telling her somebody knockt at the Chamber door, who startled at it, bid her ask who was so rude? and what their Business. The Gentleman (whose Voice was very well known) answer'd, He had brought a Letter from his Master to his Lady, of great Importance; upon which, not in the least suspecting what was design'd against her, she commanded the Chambermaid to open the Door, and receive the Letter, and bid the Gentleman to wait her Answer below. The Chambermaid no sooner open'd the Door, but the Baronet rush'd in with his Sword drawn, and his Gentleman after him, with a Brace of Pistols in his Hands. Mr. *Middletop* was asleep, and the Lady so surpriz'd, that she only gave one loud Shriek, at which her Gallant awaking, at the same instant found Sir *Jonathan's* Sword in his Breast, who with repeated Wounds gave his fleeting Soul an easie Passage into another World.

The Lady lay trembling by, happy in this only, that she had nothing now to fear, but each Minute hop'd and beg'd his revenging Steel would carve the same Justice on her injur'd Breast; but he took no other Revenge than scarifying her Face, by cutting it from Forehead to the Chin on both sides, and then fled; but at the Assizes following held for *Somersetshire*, surrendering himself, and taking his Tryal for the Murther of *Mr. Middleton*, he was acquitted; and afterwards obtain'd a Divorce from his perfidious Lady, with whom he never liv'd again.

However, she was Married a little time after to another worthy Gentleman living at the *Bath*; whither *Beau Seymour*, who had an Estate of 12000 Pounds per *Ann.* going one Summer, he became acquainted with her, and such Familiarity pass'd between them, which gave *Madam Danvers*'s Husband great occasion for Jealousie; of which the two unlawful Lovers being sensible, it made them both so cautious to prevent new Fears and Jealousies in *Mr. Sympson* who last Married her, that they never durst exchange a Smile, or one amorous Glance, but by stealth, insomuch that then all their present Delights, were but

but the empty Effects of an exalted Imagination.

Some time after Squire *Sympson* appointed a Mask, and invited Beau *Seymour*, with several other Gentlemen in the Town, who all came in their Masquerading Habits. Beau *Seymour* had notice of it a Week before, and withal from the Squire's Wife, yet her Husband had strictly charg'd her to keep her Chamber that Night, for he did not think it proper she should appear, since he had only design'd the Entertainment for Gentlemen, nor was there any of her Sex to be admitted. This was a great affliction to the Gentlewoman, whom we may now call Madam *Sympson*, and who had some hopes by the advantage of her Disguise, to have had a more private Converse with Beau *Seymour*, which she saw her self now wholly debar'd from. Her Spark having consider'd the Circumstances of Time and Place, communicated his Design to an intimate Acquaintance, and desired him to be there drest in the same Habit with himself, but to stand in a Corner where he might not be taken notice of, with a Cloak on, and not to appear till he gave him his Cue to enter. After two Hours Diversion they were all conducted

ducted into the Dining-Room, where they had a Noble and Splendid Entertainment, and pulling off their Masks, paid their mutual Respects to one another. The Collation being over, they return'd to the Hall, and the Count withdrew to his Friend, where he put on his Cloak, and sent him into the Hall to Masquerade in his Person, who was so like him in the Proportion of his Body, Stature, and Habit, that the most critical Eye could not distinguish him. The Beau was conducted to Madam *Sympson's* Apartment by her Chamber-maid, where the Lovers feasted their longing Desires in the unbounded Joys of their lascivious Passions.

In the midst of their Pleasures above, the Footmen and Servants were revelling in their Pleasures below ; so that *Seymour* privately conducting his Lover and Maid into the Street, where he cover'd her with his Cloak, and carrying her to his Coach, they went to his Friend's Lodgings, who had Personated him in the Hall ; and from thence they made the best of their way to *London* ; where he kept her in PRINCE'S COURT at *Westminster* for eight Months ; when being kill'd in *St. James's Park*, by one Captain *Kirk*, she lost her Pension

the Lady DANVERS, &c. 177

Pension of 600 Pounds a Year, and shortly after died of the Small-Pox, *Anno* 1705, in the 21st Year of her Age.

The Duke of YORK, and the Lady-----

THIS Lady was the Daughter of an English Peer, and when but Fifteen Years of Age, going to a great Masquerade kept at *Whitehall*, upon the Account of the Duke of *York's* Marriage with the Lady *Anne Hyde*, Daughter to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Clarendon*, then Lord High Chancellor of *England*; she cast her Eye among the rest, on a young Nobleman, who acted in that Solemnity with great applause. Afterwards he retiring to that part of the Room, where she and several other other Ladies were sitting, and taking off his Vizard, he in a courteous manner bow'd to the Lady.—She no sooner beheld his lovely Face; and he, as she perceiv'd, had accidentally, or (I will not be positive of either) purposely singled her out, and fix'd his Eyes on her, but they gaz'd on one another, without either

of them being able, for a good while, to observe any other Objects: the Lady—was so smitten at this first sight of him, that she was ashamed of her Weakness, but nevertheless was not able to resist the powerful Arrows of the God of Love any longer; she struggled indeed against her Passion, and call'd in her Reason to her assistance, but all would not do. He was likewise as restless and uneasy as she, nor would he leave the sight of her Ladyship, 'till he had follow'd her Chariot to her Father's Gate. She invited him in with her Eyes; but either he understood not their silent Language, or thought it not convenient at that time to declare his Passion; but the next Day she receiv'd a Letter, that had been deliver'd to her Gentlewoman by a Page; and to induce her to be favourable in the Delivery of it, she had some Gold crouded into her Hand. When her Ladyship receiv'd it, her Heart gave her from whom it came; and retiring to her Closet, with much impatience, she read as follows.

Fairest of Creatures !

WHose dazzling Eyes are the only two dazzling Suns that give Light to the Empire of Love, take Pity of a Man of Honour, who at the first sight of so much Beauty, was wounded to the Heart. Consider him, whom no Danegr can foil for your sake, dying and languishing for you ; and has not many Days to live your Votary, e'er inexorable Death will put an end to the Life of him, whom nothing but your favourable Answer can reprieve from going down to the gloomy Chambers of the Grave. 'Tis a Presumption, indeed, that deserves a worse Punishment, for me to require it, having never done you any Service to merit so great a Favour ; but knowing you are all made up of Goodness, I have presum'd to implore it.

Your unknown, but

ever constant Adorer.

She read it twice or thrice, not knowing what she should do in this Matter ; but mighty Love pleading on his side, she enforc'd her Modesty, and gratified him in so obliging a manner, that he seem'd, as he afterwards told her, to caper in Clouds,

for

for the Lightness he found in his Heart. In fine, she agreed to give him a Meeting, only accompany'd with her Maid. He receiv'd her at the Place appointed with all the marks of Content, and extravagant Transports of Joy, bending at his first approach, his Knee to the ground, with awful Respect and Reverence, as if she had been a Goddess. They hereafter met often, and his Merits commanding her Love, she delay'd not to give him all the assurance of her Affection she required; which never extended the Bounds of Modesty. Though she found him to be but the youngest Son of a Nobleman, yet she gave him leave to make known to her Father the Pretension he made to her: But he being of a Covetous Temper, and designing to match her to one Richer, receiv'd his Proposals so coldly, that utterly despairing to gain his Consent, she resolv'd to be Disobedient, and Marry him privately.

But her Father having some suspicion of such a Design, he prevented it, by suddenly Marrying her to a *Scotch* Earl, whom the Duke of YORK often visited when he was oblig'd to go to *Scotland* in the Time of the *Papish* Plot, he was so Captivated with

the Beauty of this Lady, that he left no Stratagem unattempted to make her his Mistress, and which was the sooner effected, because she had a great aversion to her Husband, whom she was oblig'd to Marry against her Inclination. However, the Earl being at last sensible of the Dishonour done to his Bed; he went to a noted Bawdy-House, where purposely procuring a Harlot that was almost eaten up with the Pox, having contracted it from her himself, he in Revenge gave it his Lady; and she at the next merry Meeting with the Duke of YORK, conferr'd it on him; and so soundly were they both pepper'd with it, that her Ladyship died thereof; and his Royal Highness had much ado to save his Nose.

But before we make a final Conclusion of this Lady, we shall take farther notice of her inordinate Lust; which was so violent, that she was almost distracted for one of the meanest of her Servants, a Groom named *Robert*, whom having order'd one Night (by the Contrivance of her Chamber-maid) to be lodg'd in a Room remote from the rest of her Domesticks, to which there was a private Gallery, which led from her Apartment; about Midnight her

unruly

anruly Love having kept her waking, she arose out of her Bed, and slip'd on a rich Silk Night-Gown, having her Head curiously dress'd, as on her Bridal Night, then putting on a pair of Velvet Slippers, she took the White Wax-Taper burning in her Chamber in a Silver Candlestick, in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other, in this Posture left her Chamber, and through the private Gallery convey'd her self to Robin's Room.

This Apparition in the middle of the Night (as sweet and tempting as this lovely and lustful Lady seem'd to be) strnck the amazed Robin with Horror and Consternation, not knowing whether it was the bright Vision of some Angelical Phantasm, or some sportive Devil in the counterfeit shape of a glorious Spirit; his little Acquaintance with either, gave him sufficient Argument for his present Fears. Robin lay trembling in his Bed, which the Lady approached, and holding the Dagger towards his Breast, thus express'd her self. *The many Favours I have shown, are the manifest Tokens of my Affection to you, therefore do not disdain my Love, nor be so stupid as not to understand my Passion, either of which is alike dangerous to my Repose, and your Life.*

I have

I have in this manner appear'd to you as you see, to discover the violence of my Love, and intrust my Honour with you; you have no other way to choose, but to answer my Desires, or die by my Hands; this poyson'd Dagger shall sacrifice you to my Fury, if you deny to be an offering to my Love. This was a pretty Courtship indeed, but this Lady was none of those who desir'd to be ador'd and sigh'd for, to be worship'd as a Saint, or respect-as a Vestal; hers was not fantastick or Platonick Love, placed only in Shadows and respectful Ceremonies, her Flames were to be quench'd, and Desires satisfied with Secrecy and Expedition.

Robin open'd his Mouth, and fixing his Eyes on the amiable yet terrible Object, spake something so confusedly and abruptly, that the Lady soon perceiv'd the affright she had put her Lover in, had in some measure debarr'd her of the Satisfaction she expected; and to allay those fearful Spirits she had rais'd, endeavour'd to rectify the Error she had committed, by smoothing her Brow, and putting on her sweetest and most charming Looks; she arm'd her Eyes with a softer Fire; her Countenance on a sudden became serene and amorous; inviting Smiles dispell'd the Frowns

Frowns of her contracted Brow. She laid aside the Weapon in her Hand, and made use of none but Rays of Light, which shot themselves into the Soul of Robin like so many Daggers, for he trembled to see what would have rejoyc'd another Man. She set down the Taper, and disrobing her self into the Glories of a Naked Goddess, lifted up the Cloaths, and laid her self down by him, saying, *Thus will I Charm your Fears, thus will I Court your Love: I have laid by my Thunder and Lightning, and imagine me no longer your Lady, but your Lover, and one that expects to give and take a Felicity Princes would not refuse.* Poor Robin was getting out on the other side of the Bed, when she laid her Arm over him, warm enough to melt the most snowy Chastity: *What (said she) do you fly me? Am I a Person after all this to be refus'd?* Then re-settling her disturb'd Spirits, and gently drawing him towards her, she began to smother him with Kisses; whilst he like a trembling Partridge under the Pounces of a Hawk, made some faint Struglings to get from her Embraces: However, at last finding this beautiful Apparition was no Spirit, but real Flesh and Blood, he gave her what she wanted, with such

such pleasing Satisfaction, that she privately made use of *Robin* for a Bed-fellow many times after this, which made him live a very comfortable Life as long as his Lady liv'd; and when she died, was an extraordinary Gainer by this Amour.

Mr. OLDYS the Poet, and Madam
LATCH.

THIS Gentlewoman of Iniquity, was the Daughter of one Mr. *Latch* a Farmer near *Horsham* in the County of *Suffex*, who being a Tenant to one *John Bostock* Esquire, his just entring upon the Possession of 800 Pounds per *Annum*, that Estate and the want of Business expos'd him to the Thoughts of Love; and who should first wound his Heart, but Mr. *Latch* his Daughter, for her Beauty was much above that usually found in the Countrey; neither had her Wit and Person any thing Clownish or unseemly but only her Cloaths.

The young Squire being (I say) extreamly enflam'd with the Love of this Rural Nymph, he imagin'd that her Father having

ving some Obligations to him, he should easily induce his Daughter to consent to his amorous Desire; but he was exceedingly disappointed, when upon proposing something of that nature, he found this [then chase] Creature utterly untractable, which he at first suppos'd was occasion'd for want of Breeding, or being unus'd to such Addresses; and therefore though he Wink'd, Sung, and us'd all such Gestures as Persons in Love practise to discover their Passion, yet her Eyes, Tongue, nor Behaviour did not give him the least encouragement to hope for success; since upon all occasions she endeavour'd to avoid him, and seem'd to take no notice of his Amours. But finding she could no longer avoid his Importunity, she very discreetly acquaints his Mother of her Son's Proceedings towards her; who being a Lady extraordinary jealous of what concern'd her Honour, and very careful of the Reputation of her Family, she no sooner understood her Child's Passion, but she reprov'd him very severely, and gave him such sharp and convincing Reprehensions and Reasons, that had he been capable of Instructions, they would certainly have reclaim'd him from the fond Humour which
had

had possess'd his Mind; but his Love had so blinded him, that he little regarded her profitable Admonitions; he still persists obstinately in pursuit of the Farmer's Daughter, and designing if possible to prevail, he promises her Marriage; but she, though an innocent Country Girl, prefer'd her Honesty above all the Wealth and Honour in the World; and besides, there was one main Obstacle; for she had been long before engag'd in her Affections to a young Man of her own Quality, whom she lov'd as dearly as her own Life; so that her Loyalty to her first Lover, and her Fear lest the Squire should at any time take advantage of her Weakness, oblig'd her to be very cautious and wary; for though this Gallant pursu'd her with Oaths, Vows and Tears, yet she was sensible they would be of little value if she should condescend to his Request; this Resistance makes his Passion more vehement, so that it reduced him almost to Fury and Despair; if at first he only jested with her about Marriage, yet finding no other way to satisfy his Desires, he now requires in good earnest that he might have her to his Wife; and the more his Mother laughs at and slights this Proposition, the more obstinate he grows;

grows; and understanding that one *Charles Curtis* a Neighbour's Son was belov'd by this Maid, he vows he will be his Death wherever he meets him, which caus'd the poor Fellow to avoid as much as possible the sight of this furious Lover.

The Parents of young Mrs. *Latch* by the Lady's Command lock'd up their Daughter, so that she scarce saw the Sun for many Days; upon which the Squire grows more enraged, and seems like a Man without Sense or Reason; which so inflam'd his Blood, that he fell into a violent Fever, insomuch that the Physicians judg'd his Distemper mortal; he continually raves and calls for *Margery Latch*, and nothing will pacifie him but the sight of her. The prudent Mother was deeply concern'd at this Accident, and could not bear the thoughts of the Loss of her eldest Son, whom she counted the chief Pillar of her House; she knew his Distemper very well, and doubting that Contradiction would increase it, she resolves to deal with him as they do with Lunaticks, whose Fancies how extravagant soever, must never be oppos'd; so that by Degrees complying with his Humour, she promis'd him, that upon his Recovery, he should have *Margery*; and therefore

therefore when he grew dull she sent for this Lash; but instead of furthering his Health, the sight of her had almost cast him into a Relapse; for hearing her, according to his Mother's Instructions, speak kindly to him, and give him Hopes of her Love, he was so overjoy'd, that his Fever return'd with more Violence and Danger than at first; but it soon after quite left him, and he sensibly got strength, so that he was able to walk about.

His Mother much doubting, that upon his Recovery he would constrain her to be as good as her Word, contriv'd a Stratagem which had a very fortunate Effect. The young Squire enquir'd for Margery, and desires she might be again sent for to come to him; but was told, the Grief for his Sickness so sensibly afflicted her, that she was likewise fallen into a violent and dangerous Fever. This wonderfully disturb'd the Squire in Heart, and would have had more dismal Effects, had he not suspected that it was feign'd. He therefore earnestly requests that he might go visit this Sick Maid, and continually reiterates his Request, so that he oblig'd his prudent Mother to alter her Measures, and to endeavour to root out the very Foundation

tion of this Fondness of her Son ; she instantly caus'd *Margery* to be Married to her former Lover *Charles Curtis*, to whom she gave 200 Pounds for a Portion ; upon Condition her Husband and she would retire privately into some other County for three or four Years. Which being agreed, Now (says the Lady) our next Work must be to persuade my Son that *Margery* is dead ; and because he will believe none but his own Eyes, we must give her a sleepy Potion, which shall so intoxicate her for two or three Hours, that she shall appear to all Spectators really dead. This was accordingly done ; the young Woman pretends her self Sick, and takes *Laudanum*, or Sleepy Potion, which had the expected Effect. Her Death is publish about the Town of *Harsham*, where the Squire dwelt, and the News thereof coming to him, he goes presently to see her, and upon view believes her really Dead ; a Funeral is pretended, whilst she and her Husband goes into a voluntary Banishment in *Yorkshire* ; the Squire abandons himself to Sorrow and Grief, as the most unfortunate of all Lovers, endeavouring sometimes to Starve, other while to Poison, and anon to Stab himself ; but the Counsel of some grave religious Persons prevail-

prevailing over these inhuman Intentions, his Spirit became more quiet and sedate.

His Mother was but too sensible of his amorous Inclination, and that if his Love remain'd without an Object, it may produce more dismal effects, and bring him into a Consumption for Grief; Wives are as easie to be found for rich Elder Brothers, as they are difficult for the poor younger Brothers; but the Squire must be cur'd by a Remedy proper to his Disease; Beauty had wounded, Beauty must therefore be the Antidote to cure him. His Mother not altogether regarding Wealth, makes choice of a vertuous young Lady, a Knight's Daughter, who was admir'd by all that saw her; she makes no delays, but instantly communicates her Mind to the young Gentlewoman's Parents; who considering how advantageous and profitable an Alliance was offer'd them, counted it a great Honour to comply with her Proposals; but (says the old Lady) we must be very cautious in this Affair, and not persuade him to relinquish his former Inclinations; but so order'd Things that he may be surpriz'd of his own accord, and without perceiving there is any Design in the Business. The Difference between the Knight's Daughter and Mar-
gery

gery was vastly disproportionate, and it was necessary to reduce this distressed Lover to Reason by Degrees, and that his own Observation should oblige him to see the difference between a Noble, Beautiful and Well-accomplish'd Lady and a rude Country Girl; she therefore desires the Knight's Wife to permit her Daughter as a Neighbour to make her frequent Visits, for which, says she, we will pretend several frivolous occasions; and I doubt not but her Presence will in a short time prevail more upon him than all my Instructions and Authority. This discreet Plot was extremely approv'd of by the young Gentlewoman's Parents, and by her familiar Conversation in the House, the young Squire had in a little time so violent an Inclination for her, that he seem'd utterly to have forgot his former furious Passion. His Mother finding him catch'd, was very well satisfy'd therewith; and the more to increase his affections, she purposely started several Difficulties to impede the Consummation of the Match, by reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; and divers other Objections, seeming backward to consent to what she so earnestly desir'd. But the Squire would endure no Contradiction; and there-
upon,

upon with the full Consent and Satisfaction of all Parties, the Marriage was at length consummated with all Joy and Gallantry imaginable. His Mother observing him to be still more fond and obliging toward this his Spouse, after two years Concealment discover'd to him the whole Stratagem of weaning him from the Love of *Margery*, and represented to him how advantageous this Trick had prov'd to him, by freeing him from a Wife, whose Inequality would have been an everlasting Reproach to his Posterity; of which the Squire being now truly sensible, acknowledged, that by the Care and Prudence of so good a Mother he had arriv'd to as much Happiness as his Heart could wish. After this clear Declaration *Margery* and her Spouse were recall'd from their Exile; but they had not been at their Habitation above a Month, before the Squire's Lady fell ill of the Small-Pox, which so much spoil'd her handsome Face, that growing out of Conceit with her lost Beauty, he was in Love again with Mrs. *Latch*; whom with her Husband inviting to a Seat which he had about two Miles off from their House; as they were on the Day appointed riding both on a Horse thither to

K

make

make Merry, the Squire and three others of his Companions way-laid 'em in a narrow Lane, where offering Violence to her, the young Man in vindication of his Wife was shot through the Heart, and then the helpless Widow was ravish'd by 'em all in an adjacent Field; after which barbarous Villany they fled to *Holland*.

Mrs. *Latch* return'd home to her Parents, who dying then in less than a Month for grief of their Daughter's Loss of her Husband, and Abuse of her self, the Son, her Brother, not looking upon her with a favourable Eye, she came up to *London* to seek her Fortune; which proving none of the kindest, meer Necessity and the Temptation of one Mr. *Littleton*, Lieutenant of a Man of War, seducing her Vertue, with great Promises of keeping her like a Gentlewoman till Death should part 'em, she was incited to accept of his Offer: But as soon as he had gratified his Will, he left her to shift for her self. This forlorn Wretch then Lodging in a House where one Mr. *Alexander Oldys* dwelt, a Poet well known for his Deformity, not much inferior to that of *Thersites* or *Esop*; he, with his lame *Muse*, was so captivated by her Beauty, that his Passion was
always

always ransacking all the best Plays, for
passionate Expressions to make her as much
in Love with him. When he kiss'd her,
this of *Orbello the Moor of Venice* came in-
to his Head.

I cannot speak enough of this Content,

It stops me here, it is too much of Joy:

And this, and this the greatest Discord be,

That e'er our Hearts should make.

When he would attempt to praise the
Beauty of his Paragon, then *Alexander's*
Saying to *Scatra* was quoted.

Is she not more than Mortal can wish?

Diana's Soul cast in the Flesh of Venus!

And when he would justify the sincerity
of his Affection for her, then the Vow of
Paras made to *Athenais* came into his
Noddle.

First let me kneel and swear,

And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow,

*Streight let the Breath of Gods blow me from
Earth,*

Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,

If I prefer thee not, O! Athenais,

To all the Persian Greatness.

But Madam *Latch* preserving her own Interest before his Love, and sensible that this little Animal, who, when upon her a tall proper Woman, would look like a Sweetbread upon a Breast of Veal, had by a Legacy receiv'd Eighty Pounds, which was more Money than our Bard ever had of his own before that time or after, she acquiesced to embrace this Pigmy, and had so much Honour in her as to keep constant to him as long as dear Mammon stood their Friend, which was about Six Weeks, for they made Hay whilst the Sun shin'd; and then gloomy Weather overshadowing their former Mirth and Jollity, she left the crooked Disciple to repent of his late folly. Now to be reveng'd on his faithless Mistress, he goes and commits the most horrid Sin of Matrimony; and she to pay him in his own Coyn, lives with another Gallant in spite of his Teeth; who maintain'd her very well and genteel for above five Years; when shooting *London-Bridge*, he was unfortunately drown'd; but so well had she improv'd the Civility of this Spark, who was a Mercer in *Ludgate-street*, that in the time of their Cohabitation she had sav'd above 600 Pounds; which after the Decease of her last Lover, putting into

the Bank of *England*, she liv'd very fashionably on the Interest of it, and at her Death, which was *Anno 1701*, Aged 26 Years, bequeath'd none of it to her Brother, who slighted her, but left it all to Strangers; who (according to her Will) bestow'd 50 Pounds on her Funeral, and buried her by her Husband, in the Church-yard at *Horsham*, with a fair Tomb-stone over their Grave.

Captain P—R, and Mrs. J. a Noted Coffee-Woman.

THE Descent of this *Coming, coming Sir*, being none of the highest, we shall take no notice of her Family, but only tell you, that coming out of the Country when she was about Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age, to *London*, she there got a Service in a Merchant's House. At first she liv'd very comfortably, making it her business to please and wind her self into the good Opinion of all, perfectly understanding soon the ways of them to whom she belong'd, and in a Year's time became head-Maid, or rather House-keeper;

at which time, another Merchant, somewhat in Years, who had Married a beautiful young Gentlewoman, being Partner with her Master, he brought his Family to their House, by which means her Vails and Wages much encreased; and with them likewise her Pride. So that Mrs. J— affecting Gaiety, she laid out lavishly, till at last she appear'd so lovely in the Cashier's Eyes, that he took all Opportunities to do her Favours. She dissembled her taking notice of them, till at length, by her amorous Leers, Winks, Smiles, and other Gestures, she had drawn him in over Head and Ears in Love with her; thinking no Treats nor Presents within his Power, that she could reasonably demand, too much for her. So having nooz'd the Woodcock with the snares of her Glances. She resolv'd to make the best Market of him. He sued earnestly for a Night's Endearment in her charming and ravishing Arms and Embraces, as he was pleas'd to stile them. But though she gave him no absolute Denial, she found Excuses and Delays when she perceiv'd him most pressing and languishing for Enjoyment; till at last she had made him pay as costly for it, as if he had intrigued with a Dutches.

He

He was so mightily wrapt up in her, that when he found other Arguments were in vain, Rings and Jewels, and what he thought most tempting, he procur'd her; and for those precious Presents, thought himself over-recompens'd with a few smiles, and her kind acceptance. At this distance she held him a considerable time, till hearing a rich Uncle of his died, and left him a good Estate, then she thought it her time to close with him, and hamper the Woodcock in a Matrimonial Sprinze; and accordingly she propos'd the Matter to him, when the warm touches of her naked Breasts, and warmer Kisses had heighten'd and inspir'd beyond an ordinary Transport, strengthening her Allegations with Modesty and Blushes, making him believe she was worthily descended, though Misfortune had thrown her Family from the Precipice of a great Estate, into the low Valley of Meanness and Poverty. To this Proposal she found him but cold in his Replies, which made her fling out of his Arms in a great Pet, and vow never to entertain any good thoughts of him more, seeing his Passion tended only to base and sinister Ends. He being not able to part with her, pull'd her back again; and on his

Knees begging her Pardon, protested to yield to whatever she desired, and submit himself, in a blind Obedience to what she should direct; without any Scruple or Reluctancy. She then propos'd the Day of Marriage; but he seem'd so impatient of enjoying her, that upon his swearing to keep the Day prefix'd very punctually, for the joyning of their Hands, she promis'd a surrender of the Treasure he languish'd for that very Night, and set the Hour for more Privacy, when he should steal into her Arms in Bed. At which, giving her an hundred endearing Kisses, he seem'd so ravish'd and transport-ed, he knew not how to express sufficient Thanks for hr obliging Condescension. At the time of this Assignment, her Master's Partner was gone a Journey, and had left his beautiful young Wife to the Care of Mrs. F---'s Master, whose Fidelity he no ways mistrusted; But on the contrary, his fair Charge had so overcome and captivated him, that he sought all manner of means to enjoy her. The Gentlewoman repulsed the first Assaults with many Reasons, why she ought not to consent; but at the second Onset, more furious than the former, coming to a Capitulation, she

promis'd

promis'd between a kind of Willing and Unwillingness, to surrender up that Night the Fort of her Chastity, if he could handsomly give his Wife the slip, and convey himself into her Chamber, without any suspicion tending to a Discovery; for she was it seems, more careful of her Honour, than her Virtue. This double Appointment made, the Hours seem'd tedious; and they fancied the Sun had wander'd out of its wonted Course, and gone the farthest way about to the Western Ocean. At last Night came, and Supper being on the Table, F--- and her Spark gave their Attendance; but scarce could she contain, with holding her Sides, and biting her Tongue, from bursting into Laughter, when she saw him standing like the Picture of the Man in the Moon, either gazing on her, or wandering he knew not whither, his Wits, no doubt, being in the Eclyptick, and his Imagination bent on the sweet contemplation of those charming Delights and Pleasures he suddenly expected to find in her sweet and delicious Embraces; so that he was no farther serviceable in his Attendance, than to make the Company Pastime; for if his Master call'd for Beer, he brought him a clean Plate; or his Mistress a Glass

of Wine, he presented to J—, or to mend the Mistake, to the Gentlewoman with whom his Master was Intriguing, which caus'd a great deal of pleasant Discourse, what should be the Occasion of this so sudden Disorder.

This, J— observ'd, was not the Disorder of her Spark alone; for her Master, by the strength of Imagination, and partly by those Flames the incomparable Beauty and obliging Promises his Partner's Wife had kindled in him, made him ready to dissolve as Snow against the Heat of the Sun; Fancy mov'd him to think he was already incircled in her soft Arms, and clung as close in the amorous Folds of Love, as the Ivy to the begirted Oak. Sometimes he imagin'd he heard the twang of her harmonious Lace-Tags against her Stays, making her self unready, to be more ready for the soft Combat; and grew so impatient of Delay, that counterfeiting Drowsiness, and early Business in the Morning, all things were taken away, and he hasted to Bed with his Wife, the sooner to lull her asleep, and steal away into the Arms of his Partner's Wife. He effected (as J— afterwards understood) the first, by feigning to fall into a profound Sleep,

as soon as he was a Bed, thereby preventing the Love-toying wont to pass between 'em, that he might the sooner receive it with more satisfaction from another. This neglect of her Youth and Beauty, made her Mistress shed some Tears, for the slight regard he had; but knowing how humourfome and peevish he was, if suddenly waked, she consider'd it would be more seasonable to expect his Kindness at another time; and so hushing her Cares, settled herself to Sleep likewise. The cunning Husband was diligent in waiting for that Opportunity; and very carefully stealing out went as softly to the Chamber of Assignment; to which there was no other way, but by the Apartment where J— lay; and being wakeful in expectation of her Spark, a Mouse-tread could not scape her hearing, his tripping up jingerly one pair of Stairs above, fancying it was her Husband-elect; who, blinded with Love, or the Darkness of the Night, had mistaken his way, and so expected his return, when he had groped himself into a better Information: but his Stay, and the long Silence that ensu'd, made her grow both jealous of a greater Beauty than her own, whom she suppos'd had tempted him from her, and of being
now

now delay'd, when she had fully fram'd her Mind to a Complacency: but alas! her Lover was mistaken in another place; for about half an hour after this disloyal Husband had left the warm Bed of his hitherto constant Bed-fellow, to go a Cat-terawauling, her Spark, who was aged about twenty, and a brisk, lusty, handsome Fellow, got out of his Bed, having slept against his Will, and not knowing how much of the Night had stoln from him, in his flumbering, rubbing his Eyes, between sleeping and waking, groped the way in the Dark to find her Chamber; but instead thereof, enter'd into that of his Mistress, and encountering with a Bed, doubted not but he was right; whereupon lifting up the Cloaths softly, he laid himself down by her side, and was not long there, e'er he began to bustle, which soon waked his Mistress; who supposing it her Husband, embrac'd him with ardent Affection, crying, in a soft loving Tone, *Oh! how cold you are, my Dear, come let me warm you in my Embraces*; and hugging him very close, with many Kisses and amorous Twinings, she told him she was glad, what had perplex'd her in her Sleep was but a Dream; for that she had fancied she had felt for him before,
all

all over the Bed, and he was no way to be found, intending to tell him how she had dreamt, that at that very juncture, her Man and her Maid, meaning J---, were naught together, and just in the Conjunction of unlawful Love; but glad I am (contin'd she) that it is but a Dream, and and that waking I have thee in my Arms.

These Actions and Expressions not only convinc'd the Spark he was in an Error, but so startled and surpriz'd him, that he knew not what to think or do; at first he was almost dead with Fear, but by degrees recollecting his scatter'd Spirits, he bethought himself of a Stratagem to protect him from Discovery. All the Passages he had observ'd between his Master's and Partner's Wife came fresh into his Memory, and from all the Circumstances concluded they were in this critical Minute consummating their Loves; and that if he refrain'd from speaking, he doubted not but she falling asleep again, he might steal away, and hasten to J---'s more desired Embraces. But alas! in this he found himself deceiv'd; for the Fancies in her Dream, and her natural inclination, had so warm'd her Blood, that abandoning for that time the Modesty of her Sex, she
grew

grew so impatient of Delays, that he found himself incapable of resisting the Emotions she had rais'd within him, but suffer'd himself to be taught by her those Love-Lessons design'd him by another School-Mistress. She found him so active and vigorous in his Caresses and Embraces, above what are usually the Attendants of a Marriage-Bed, that together with his continued Silence, gave a suspicion that she was mistaken in her Bed-fellow. Whilst he on the other hand, lay sweating and trembling in a peck of Troubles, how to make his Retreat handsomly before his Master's Return; for if he surpriz'd him, he could expect nothing but a bloody Revenge for what he had acted to his Dishonour and Disgrace, through mistake. After a thousand Cogitations and Revolvings in his Mind, weighing each particular in the Ballance of his green Understanding, he consider'd it might be of dangerous Consequence to ask pardon of the injur'd Lady for what had pass'd between them; and again, to steal away when she was asleep, without discovering, would undoubtedly betray the whole Matter by her Petulency or some little toying and wanton Discourse that might arise upon the Husband's coming;

ming; and who knows but she might too amply acknowledge his gratitude for his late suppos'd work of Supererogation, which might give him a just ground to believe some other had supplied his Place in his Absence, and consequently his Man, for no other could be suspected in the Family.

Apprehensions of Danger from the Discovery of a Secret of this great Importance, put him into such a Confusion, that it was not to be judg'd which exceeded the Pleasure he had enjoy'd, or the Trouble and Fear he underwent to purchase it. Whilst his Thoughts were engaged in this perplexity, a lucky one came into his Noddle, which in all probability, might remedy all; and so after an endearing Kiss or two, thus broke Silence. *Prisbee, my Dear, what didst thou mean by that Dream thou toldest when I first came to Bed? The Matter I value not, but 'tis the manner of the Relation that troubles me, because in it thou namest me as a Servant, which is more like the Language of my Mistress, than of my dear Lover. I promised to be thy Husband, and will not fail at the Time appointed, to bind the Contract with my Hand, which my Heart has already seal'd? and now I have named my Mistress,*

stress, she, no doubt, poor innocent Gentleman, lies fast asleep, whilst her perfidious Husband is in the height of Enjoyment with his absent Partner's Wife. And here he ended with renew'd Kisses; but she started, trembled, and turn'd away, not able, at present to make any Reply. Never was Alcmena of old so amaz'd and surpriz'd, when Jupiter had enjoy'd her in the Shape of Amphytrio her Husband. The Curtain of the Night indeed hid the confusion of her Blushes, and Disorder, which else had appear'd greater than can be reasonably expressed; but seeing there was no remedy to retrieve so strange an Accident, which she had at this time so unwittingly broke, in breaking her Marriage Vow, she comforted her self by supposing that Fault, if any, was not design'd by her, but all the Guilt ought to lie on her faithless Husband, who had deserted her Bed, for the lawless Pleasures of another's. She was somewhat loth however, to part with the Company of her Bedfellow, but Reason persuaded her to it for the avoiding Danger. Wherefore taking a Diamond Ring, she clapt it into the Hand of her Prentice, saying in a very low Voice, *If you are discreet, hug your good Fortune in silence; otherwise*

wife

wise you shall find a Reward according to this surprize, and your babling Folly. Hereupon, without Reply, he sneak'd away to his own Bed, whilst J-- lay in vain expecting her Spark's coming to her's, mistrusting some such thing, but not knowing where it happen'd, till he gave her soon after the full Relation; which Disappointment put her upon Revenge, which fell sure, though slow in Execution: for as the Poet says,

*Woman, when craft in her desired End
Of Love, or call it Lust, becomes a Fiend,
Till her Revenge destroys her dearest Friend.*

But to proceed farther in this Story, J--'s Master having gain'd a speedy Admittance, we may well suppose he employ'd his time to the end for which this Assignment was made. It is needless to give an account of every amorous Folly that the two Lovers were guilty of, which consisted, no doubt, more of Action than Expression; and no wonder, since Kisses barricado'd their Words, we may imagine that their Lips being tired, they encounter'd in another manner, somewhat more pleasing. But in the height of these ravishing Enjoyments, and stoln Pleasures,
the

the Amorous Lady's Husband unexpectedly came home, and having a Key to the back Door, went directly to his Chamber, after having struck a Light, and carried up with him a Candle. His unexpected knocking at the Door startled our two Lovers, then more fast entangled in each others Arms, than *Mars* was by *Vulcan's* crafty Net, when entwined in amorous Folds with the *Cyprian* Goddess. But she being otherwise employ'd than to come out of a warm Bed, and endanger the catching of Cold, was as mute as a Fish, neither could she in reason make answer to the Disturber of her Joys, till the Business she was about was consummated. But he, impatient of delay, repeating his strokes on the harmless Door, she found her self constrain'd to demand who was there, though in words imperfect, as one waked out of a profound Sleep; and too sadly knowing the Voice upon Reply, she capitulated with him till she could hide her Lover, for whom there was no other Refuge but crawling under the Bed; when being secur'd there, she jumpt out, and in great haste ran to the Door, speaking as she was wont; *Oh! my Soul, oh! my dearest Heart, the most welcome Man to me alive;* when in her self she thought

thought, *What envious Devil has brought thee hither at this juncture, to disturb my early Joys?* The Husband thus enter'd, clasp'd her in his Arms, when the Temptation of her naked Beauties made him uneasy, till he could enjoy them in a closer manner; and immediately throwing her into Bed, fell to making himself unready, that he might be the more ready, as he thought, to pleasure her. But she who had already the satisfaction of a more vigorous and active *Inamorato*, knew how to defend her self against the weak assaults of an impotent Husband, as likewise to give her Gallant the better opportunity to escape, said, *Hold; hold* (pushing him back with her Hand) *my dear Heart, prithee let's drink a Glass of Wine for Joy of thy Return; I have half a dozen Bottles which were lately sent me as a Present, the best you ever tasted, let me intreat you to step down into the Cellar, and fetch up one of them. With all my Heart,* reply'd the Cuckold; being overjoy'd he might do any piece of Service to oblige her; and re-putting on those Garments he had already divested himself of, he began to search for his Shoes, which he had carelessly dropt so, that one of them was tumbled under the Bed; for which he no sooner began

began to grope, but out she leapt, and whilst her absconded Gallant lay in a quivering Condition, for fear of a Discovery; and pretending to be angry for his so long standing bare-footed in the Cold, snatch'd the Candle out of his Hand, saying, *Is it possible, Husband, you should be thus long looking for your Shoe, and not find it? Come, you shall stand no longer on the cold Boards, I'll rather suffer than you.* Thereupon she searcht for it where she knew it was not, to avert the Light; and when he commanded her to go to Bed, unless she meant to be necessary to her own Death, in exposing her tender Body to the nipping Season, for it was then the depth of Winter, running against the Bed-stead, as unawares, she dropt the Candle, which by its Fall was extinguish'd; and whilst her dear Husband was groping for it, she gave her Gallant the hint, by softly pulling him by the Foot, that this was his only time to escape. Whereupon, powder'd with Dirt and Feathers, out he crept, and sneak'd down Stairs like a Dog that had lost his Tail, but not so silently, but J---, who lay perdu, supposing him to be her false Spark, bolted out upon him, and seizing the Lap-pit of his Shirt, he would have cry'd out,

as taking her for some Ghost, sent to punish him for his evil Doings, had not Fear of a Discovery over-ru'd his other apprehensions; and indeed she made him understand she was not as yet a damn'd Spirit, by saying in a soft, though angry Tone, *Oh! Sir, have I caught you? are these the Products of your Oaths and Promises? Can the Current of your so often avow'd Love so soon run in another Channel? Base, perjur'd Man! so quickly to relinquish her, over whose Affections your subtilty has gain'd so entire a Conquest.*

He thought at first, his Wife had seiz'd him, and began to excuse himself, and beg Pardon in the most humble and beseeching manner; but J— continuing to reproach him with Infidelity for giving her so unexpected a Disappointment in the height of her Expectations. He, upon this, knowing her voice, and finding what she drove at, dispersed his Fears, and made her believe he had some Knowledge of their Intrigue, and thereupon had left his Bed at so unseasonable a Time, when muttering some Threats between his Teeth, he flung from her, whilst she remain'd in much surprize and confusion, as greatly astonish'd and confounded at this double Misfor-

Misfortune, but recollecting soon her fading Spirits, she went to Bed, though she slept but little for ruminating on what had pass'd in these unlucky Adventures. *My Master*, it seems, went not directly to his Wife's Bed, but to the Spark's Chamber, where rapping and calling twice or thrice at the Door, he put him into dreadful apprehensions that all was discover'd; so that had not the Iron Bars prevented, he had ventur'd his Neck by leaping out of the Window, to escape the heavy Revenge he expected to fall on him. However, at last venturing to open the Door, with a resolution to make an humble Confession, and beg pardon on his Knees, his resolves were chang'd, when by the Light of the Moon he perceiv'd his Master pale and shivering like a Midnight Ghost, all beset with Dust, and stuck round with Feathers, only desiring he would give him one of his clean Shirts; and hinting to him that he had been upon the discovery of his haunts that Night, he left him far more compos'd and satisfied than before, and so pass'd to his Wife's Chamber, who was again fallen asleep, and dreaming of the pleasant Pastime that had befallen her by so strange an Adventure; yet waking,

dissem-

dissembled at this time the Knowledge of his Absence.

J—'s Disappointment, and the Affront she conceiv'd, with Indignation to be so deluded, made her yet restless, and in the Morning she upbraided her faithless Amourist with many Reproaches. He blush'd, but hid nothing from her, only begged her Pardon, since it was by Mistake, and consequently, as it fell out, not to be avoided, but for the future he would be more wary and constant. But finding, though she allow'd him that Freedom he expected very frequently, he might prove a general Lover, she watch'd him so narrowly, that the farther Intrigues he had in secret nocturnal and diurnal Correspondences held with her Mistress, escap'd not her Knowledge; and the Day appointed coming, he shuffling and making farther Delays and Demurs about their Marriage, she was resolv'd at one bold Blow to strike home; and accordingly, having made her Spark fluster'd one Night, and over-doz'd him with Love-Posset, leaving him as fast as a Church, she stept into his Chamber with the Keys she had taken out of his Pocket, rifled his Trunks, and found the Diamond Ring, and other known Marks of

of her Mistress's Favour which she had bestowed on him for secret Service, and return'd unmiss'd. Next Morning being up early, and appearing melancholy, and much disturb'd, her Master observ'd it, and press'd her to tell him the Reason. J— seem'd averse to comply with his Request, which made him the earnestest in his Enquiry. After a while, fetching a deep Sigh or two, with some seeming Reluctancy, she drew the Ring and other Tokens that were no Strangers to him, out of her Pocket, and shedding some Tears, told him, how her Mistress had not only wrong'd him, but also, in too prodigally dispensing her Favours to his Man, who had promis'd her Marriage; but since his stoln Enjoyments with her Mistress, he, contrary to his Vows and Promises, had declin'd it, if not absolutely renounc'd her. Her Master seem'd at first difficult to believe this, never having observ'd any thing but a modest, humble, and vertuous Carriage in his Wife. Seeing him pause, and unresolv'd, J— concluded it now Time to go through with her Design, and said, Sir, *if you will not believe these visible Marks of the Injury done you, do but feign an Excuse to be abroad this Morning, and I will deliver the*
Adulterer

Adulterer and Adulteress into your Hands.
To this he gave a very attentive Ear, burning all the while with Anger and Fury, his Eyes, as it were, sparkling Fire; yet a little composing his Mind, he thank'd her for the care she had for his Reputation, and promis'd to be rul'd by her Directions, in discovering the Dishonour put upon him; and so going up, and taking a dissembled loving leave of his Wife, feign'd Business abroad till four in the Afternoon, and should not be at home to Dine till then. She took no great notice of what he said, but gave him a Kiss, and so they parted. Her Master being gone out, as her false Spark suppos'd, he sneak'd up Stairs, and crept into his Mistress's Chamber; where, by his stay, she plainly perceiv'd he was not unwelcome.

Having them thus in a Trap, J—ran to the place where she knew she should find her Master, to inform him how it was. With the News, Anger and Revenge added speed to his Feet, and forcing open the Door, found them in the same Posture he had been with his Partner's Wife a little before. Impatient of delay, he dragg'd out his Man by the Heels, letting his Head and Buttocks come thump against the Ground, beating

beating and kicking him at a most unmerciful rate, whilst he lay crying out, sometimes Mercy! and sometimes Murther! His Wife in the mean time, fearing the Death of her Minion, leap'd out of Bed, and taking hold on her Husband, entreated him to forbear; and since (continued she) you have been as guilty as we, in doing the like with your Partner's Wife; for which Dishonour to my Bed, I was resolv'd to take this Revenge, though at first, unknowingly, it will be Discretion in you to be secret, lest you not only publish, unadvisedly, your Shame, but ruin your Fortune. Upon this Discovery, he suppos'd his Wife had been a Witch, standing confounded and amaz'd in himself, to consider how otherwise such a Secret should come to her Knowledge; and whilst he a little suspended his Fury, J—'s Spark crawl'd from under his unmerciful Clutches, on all four; and getting to the Stair-head, made for haste, but one leap to the bottom, and tumbled Head over Heels down the other pair of Stairs, and ran out of Doors, with a Resolution of never returning; and indeed, in the Terror and Fright he was in, going on Board a Ship at Gravesend, which was just on setting Sail,

Sail, he was cast away on the Rocks of Scilly; so his fiery Love for his Mistress and her, more or less, was quench'd in the Ocean.

In the mean while her Master, after the humble submission of his Wife, had taken her, as well as he could digest the affront, into Favour again. But this Revenge satisfied not J-- for the Loss of her Spark; for which Disaster she could not, on second Thoughts, refrain shedding some Tears; and therefore resolv'd, the Mischief she had begun, should go farther. Nor left she off, till in the same manner her Master had taken his Man with her Mistress, himself was caught by his Partner in his Wife's Arms; although the injur'd Husband did not roughly use him at that time, only ranting at a distracted rate, as being too weak to grapple with him, he grew discontented, and took a worser Revenge, by confessing a Judgment, which turn'd out her Master and Mistress to shift again in the wide World. The Creditors, upon notice of what had happen'd, drawing off the overplus Effects so hastily, that her Master found it in vain to stand the brunt; and so carrying off what he could conveniently, went

away with his Wife and Children to the *West-Indies*. The injur'd Partner soon after, seeing what he had done, to the Loss of his Reputation and Credit in the World, ran Distracted, and died in a raving Fit; exclaiming against his Wife's Disloyalty, as the Cause of all his Misfortune, and the only cross Wind that had Ship-wreckt his Felicity.

Now J—being disbanded, by these Families going off in such Disorder and Distraction, having sav'd some Money in her Service, she Married a *Young Man*, who set up a Coffee-House within less than a Mile of *Charing-Cross*, which being much resorted to by one Captain P—r, he had also a Plot against J—'s Person, which her Husband did not discover till his Horns turn'd Evidence against him; but she valuing not her Spouse's Displeasure, she would be favourable to the Traytor in spite of his Teeth; whereupon they liv'd asunder, but nevertheless J—having a great Trade among the Officers in the Army, as well half-pay ones, as them in Commission, she lives very handsomly, and if her Husband will not be so kind to supply her Wants, she has them that will, and very proud too of obtaining her Favours; for though her Beauty

Beauty was never extraordinary, yet she's somewhat witty; which, with a good Purse (for as the old Proverb says, *Money makes the Mare to go*) will oblige any of her Customers to be her humble Servant to command for ever; for truly, as they are no proud Men of their Flesh, and scorn Chastity as much as they do saying their Prayers, she has great Lovee of hungry Sparks at her House, both at Morning, Noon and Night, as the greatest Dutchess in the Land. But though at present her Station seems to be waited on by all the Attendants of Happiness and Prosperity, yet the Disloyalty and Falshood of any Woman to her Husband's Bed, will in the End prove miserable; as she may plainly perceive by the dire Misfortunes of two Families, in which she had so great a Hand to be the wicked Instrument of their utter Ruine and Destruction.

L 3

The

*The AMOURS and INTRIEQUES
of two Turks, with their two
English Mistresses.*

LOVE extends its Empire over the Universe, for there is no Nation whatsoever, remote or barbarous, but the Inhabitants thereof are at one time or other subdu'd by this Passion; and People not so polite as those born in *Europe*, sometimes can be as devout to the Power of *Venus*, when a true sense of Gallantry inspires their Souls with the true value of real Beauty. The following Amours of *Ibrahim Amet*, and *Gurgi Nebi*, are as remarkable as any yet made publick. These two *Turkish* Gentlemen not long since arriving in this Country of *Great Britain*, where being one Day invited to a Gentleman's House of no small Note, who had two Daughters; they were at first sight smitten with their Persons, and in the *French* Tongue held a long Discourse of Love; in which Matter not unlikely they might have read *Ovid*, *de Arte Amandi*, as thinking it was not impossible to win a Woman,

Woman, if Beautiful, with Praises, if Coy, with Prayers; if Covetous, with Promises; and if Proud, with Gifts.

Ibrahim Amet was in Love with the Eldest of these Sisters, named *Arabella Hays*, who had her share of Wit, and the Beauty of an Angel; which excellent Perfections have made her use several Stratagems to stifle the Addresses of many Gentlemen which were daily made to her. Now this *Turk*, who hath a Gentleman-like Skill in most Exercises, of which his Master-piece is riding the Great Horse; Loving her even to Distraction at first sight; his Spirits were in such Confusion till he saw her again, that the Disorder and Change of his Countenance were plainly perceiv'd by his nearest Acquaintance; and next Day going to Visit this Fair One, who receiv'd him with a great deal of Respect and Civility, he could not forbear unmasking his Soul to her; and discovering his Thoughts through every Chink and Cranny of his Heart. With great Submission humbling himself at *Arabella's* Feet, the passionate Posture incited her to say, Be pleas'd (Sir) to tell me how I may shew my self grateful to you for your Love? He reply'd, When I consider how the enamour'd World fly to

insider

L 4

your

your *Afylum*, and pay their sacrifices on your adored Altar, if I can be but thought worthy to style my self yours; I am the happiest Man on Earth; the least Service upon your score (Madam) I term the highest attainment imaginable; your Love is an Honour, your Favour the greatest Promotion, and that I be number'd amongst your little Favourites, I am transported. So making an end of their Interview for this time, he took his leave of his Mistress in this Complement; Madam, farewell till I have the Happiness of enjoying your good Company again; and give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible to see you without loving you; and much more to love you without being extream in that Affection.

Strange tumultuous Thoughts rowl perpetually in our gallant *Turk's* Breast, the Presence of whose Lady is the Food of his Heart, and her Absence an extream Famine. Business not permitting him to Visit Madam *Hayes* so soon as he would, he could not forbear shewing the strength of his Passion, by sending her this Letter, which was to desire the Favour of her to send him her Picture.

Madam,

Madam,

I Hope that you will not take amiss the Request that I do now make to you; that you will please to give me your Picture, knowing that I esteem the Original more than any thing in the World. That fair Body enliven'd with so much Sweetness and Perfection, I hold in so great a Veneration, that I pant after the Shadow thereof. Be pleas'd therefore to ease my Impatience by the Grant of this Favour, assuring your self that I shall place it among the greatest Happinesses that could ever befall, Madam, your most humble Servant,

IBRAHIM. AHMET.

How acceptable this Letter was to the young Lady, may be seen by the following Answer.

SIR,

THE Request that you make to me, to give you my Picture, is so obliging, that I am constrain'd to give my Consent; not at all wondring that you have before your Eyes the Image of a Person that admires you so much; be pleas'd to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that Favour, which

L 5

I be-

I bestow on you, as also that I shall even continue to be. Sir, your most humble Servant,

ARABELLA HAYES.

Accordingly, the Lady sent her Picture to the Turk, which inestimable Jewel (as he stil'd it) he placed amongst his greatest Rarities. At their next Meeting, when he presented her with a rich Diamond Ring of a very great Value, he could not forbear being more charm'd than ever with the sight of *Arabella*, and thinking her more beautiful than when he last saw her, which was but four Days, he was in a continual Rapture; sometimes extolling the strength of Graces, that in his short absence had been added to her Features, with all the signs of Admiration, he took her in his Arms, and almost stifled her with Embraces. His gallant way of Behaviour in his Amours, made her give him repeated assurances of her Respect for him in such soft Expressions, which shew'd she was not only a witty Woman, that was conscious of her own Charms, but had refin'd Notions of Love. She had a penetrating Wit, and having seen a great deal of the World, was a very good Judge of Mankind.

Mankind. When first she had thrown her Eyes upon this Turk, and survey'd his Courtly Mien, she presently concluded from his gallant Air, that the Oblations of his Love were sincere. And that which made her the more esteem him, was because he had an admirable Knack of telling a Story in two or three Modern and Polite Languages; yet he never troubled his Company with any, but were very much apropos, and seem'd to be wanted, or ever brought in two at one time, that tended to the same purpose, though his Head contain'd choice Varieties of them upon almost every Subject. This made him always new, as well as agreeable in Conversation; and he never made use of a double *Entendre*, or any Expression, though in the highest of his Mirth, that had the least tendency to Prophaneness. His Humour was always gay, and nothing came from him that was not equally diverting, as may be seen by this Letter sent to the Lady, to desire a Lock of her Hair.

Madam,

YOU need not wonder at that Servitude to which you have reduc'd me; 'tis so pleasing to me, that I do now request from you

new

new Chains, by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I shall esteem this Favour, your Merit or my Love are only capable. And as you have the Knowledge of my Request, so I shall leave you to think of answering my Desires, and also of the Passion which I have to serve you, being more than ever, Madam, your most Humble and Obedient Servant to Command,

IBRAHIM AHMET.

This Letter was not unwelcome to Mrs. Arabella, who writ this Answer.

SIR,

YOUR Deserts have wrought so strong a Persuasion in me to consent to the Favour which you request of me, that I send it you in this Letter; I shall not impose on you the Silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing that your Discretion hath prevented my Commands. It suffices me to put you in mind, that as these are no common Favours, they require Secrecy from those that receive them. I suppose that you will not forget your self in this Particular, while you remember that I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

A. H.

The next Assignment they had, his Time (as usual) he spent in exhibiting his Love to his fair Companion, and preparing her Heart for his Design, with such mollifying Endearments and prevailing Dalliances as were necessary to warm the Inclinations of a Female Lover. He would run over all the Lessons of *Cupid* he had learnt, in praising every particular Charm of the Beauty he came to wait upon. It is impossible to express the Joy and Satisfaction these two Lovers conceiv'd at every Meeting; their Embraces spoke the Transports of their Souls in a Dialect above the Power of Rhetorick, or Oratory, to explain. She could not resist the powerful Arrows of the God of Love any longer; she struggled indeed against her Passion, and call'd in Reason to her Assistance, but all would not do, for the generous *Turk* had wholly captivated her; and he was restless and uneasie as herself, whenever he was out of her Presence; and another time extraordinary Business occasioning six or seven Hours Absence, he could not forbear shewing his Affections in a Letter, written with so much Warmth, Passion, and Fineness of Language, that it was as much pleasing to Madam *Arabella*, as that of fair *Hellen* to young *Paris*; his
ardent

ardent Expressions in that dumb Messenger was as valuable as the Riches of India to the Conquerors of his Soul, whose Wit did every day more and more engage the truly amorous Turk; her Qualities depriv'd him of his own; her Courteous Behaviour, her Majestick Humility to all Persons, her Emphatical Speeches, and her kind and loving Language, made him Sympathize in all her Actions. One day telling her he was oblig'd to go into the Country for the Week, her Concern for the News, which evidently appear'd in her Face by a sudden of its Vermilion Tincture into a languishing Paleness, made her acquaint him, that she had rather choose any Misfortune, than be depriv'd of his Presence; but as your Words to me are Acts, and your Promises Deeds, I have that good Opinion of you as to think Absence will make no Division in our Hearts; and it is my Wish that Patience may conduct you out of this Stormy Sea of Business, into the more quiet Port of Love and Pleasure. Madam (reply'd *Ibrahim Ahmet*) I'm sensible that Ladies of Honour to express the sincerity of their Affections, have breath'd forth their Lives on the Tombs of their deceased Lovers. I take your Ladyship

ship to be one of that faithful Rank, in-
somuch that should Death seperate our
Lives, yet Love would unite our Affec-
tions, and we should preserve the Immortality
of our Affections, by the Immortality
of our deathless Souls. Nay, such are my
Affections for you, that should the Hand
of Fate seperate my Soul first from my
Body, it would every where wait on your
purified Spirit, as the Shadow of it. So,
dear Madam, to banish your distrust of
my Fidelity when absent from you, give
me leave to embrace you with the Open-
ness of my Heart, and perfusion of my
Love, that our Souls may evaporate them-
selves into one another. As great a Di-
stance as the East is from the West would
not make me cease from thinking always
on you; for it is as impossible for me not
to Love you, as it is for the Sun to forget
his ordinary Course. I must depart from
you for a few Days, which will seem an
Eternity to me; yet shall not your Service
be depriv'd of my Obedience, and 'till our
next happy Meeting, grant me the Favour
of ravishing a Kiss from this fair Hand.

The gallant *Turk* had not been four and
twenty Hours absent from his Mistress,
but his Passion incited him to write this
Letter.

Madam,

Madam,
My being but this little while in the Country, seems so much the longer, and so much the sadder, by reason I am distanced from your sweet Company; nor had the sadness of my leaving London any solace at all, saving that every step the Coach-Horses went all the way, I passed not one, without making a Relique of your Memory, which had still the Vertue to renew all Joys in me, and expel the Mists of Melancholy, almost with equal Force (so strong with Imagination) as if I had been really in your Presence; if you have but bestowed one Thought upon me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, believing that no Love can come within the degrees of mine, nor that there's any State so happy, as that of being, your devoted Servant,

IBRAHIM AHMET.

No sooner did this Letter come to her Hands, but reading it, and kissing it several times, she put it into her Bosom, as being the most inestimable Treasure on Earth that ought to be plac'd so near her Heart; and then writ the following Answer, which she sent back by the same Messenger who brought hers.

Dear

Dear Sir,

THAT you may see I forgot you not at any Time, nor in any Place, I present you these; and if I seem importunate by my Address, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this Absence, but what the comfortable Entertainments of Thoughts on you affords me; and should I but as often put such Thoughts in Writing, as my Heart presents them to my Memory, I should be no Day, even no Hour without a Pen in my Hand; and I may well hope, from the Excellency of your Nature, that you will not leave such Faith, such Affection without a just Resolution; nor can I despair of your Remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may Happiness, Joy and Pleasure in the end Crown both; and I live eternally yours, as at first unalterable,

A. H.

The next time they came in Company together, with a ravishing Sweetness, Ibrahim told Arabella, after Saluting each other, for their Passion would not give them leave to speak before, that he found himself Happy in being honour'd with her Presence;

Presence; for my Desires aspired only to this Favour of testifying the Fidelity of my Service, which makes me presume to claim the Happiness of enjoying your good Company. She reply'd in an affectionate Tone, most engaging to fire an *Anchorite*; that if she knew any thing in her worthy of his Merits, she should think her self oblig'd to employ it in honouring him; but finding nothing but Imperfection and Weakness, she believ'd her Company would hardly yield him any Content, much less Happiness. Quoth the *Turk*, your Merits have so much Power over me, that they oblige me to offer up my Heart wholly to you. Then pulling a rich embroider'd Purse out of his Pocket, and from thence taking a curious enamell'd Ring, he presented it to her, with this Poem on it.

*Innumerable are the Stars I see,
But none in my Eye like to thee.*

This Present being made to Madam Hays on New-Years Eve, it was so highly valuable in her Esteem, that the next Morning early, she sent him this Letter.

SIR,

S I R,

IF your Heart be your own, I demand it for a New-Years Gift, and from you no other Gift will be acceptable. If it be at your Disposal, oblige me in sending it me, or bringing it me; and be you sure that I have nothing, I say nothing which I ought to refuse as a Recompense for a Present which will be so dear to me, who is entirely yours,

A. H.

In this Letter was enclosed a fine Gold Ring, with this Poem on it.

As I expect, so let me find

A Faithful Heart, and Constant Mind.

Nothing could be more joyful to Ibrahim than the sight of this Letter and Present; but when he came to read the Contents thereof, which requir'd him to send his Heart to her, he thought (as not being acquainted with our English Custom for People sending New-Years Gifts to one another on the first of January) the Command somewhat Tyrannical; whereupon as much Disorder and Confusion was seen in

in his Face, as in a *Bassaw's*, when a Mute or dumb Executioner comes with the *Sultan's* Orders for his Head. He was afraid he had somewhat disoblig'd his Mistress; and rather than be solely out of her Favour, he was resolv'd to obey one part of her Request, which was to bring his Heart himself to her, if he would not trust it by the Bearer. When he enter'd her Chamber, he address'd her with the greatest submission of a most faithful Lover; and when he found his Mistake by *Arabella's* explaining the meaning of her Letter, his Countenance which before was much dejected, seem'd now crown'd with unexpressible Joy; then courting her some short time with amorous Glances, and melancholy Sighs, the dumb but powerful Rhetorick of bashful Lover, at last in express Terms he fully discover'd his Passion to her; at which she seem'd very much surpriz'd; but having recover'd her self, told him, she had always been very sensible of his great Respects to her, which tho' she was in no Capacity to retaliate, she would never forget 'em. *Ibrahim*, who well knew the great Wit of *Arabella*, could not mistake the true Sense and Meaning of his Discourse, though her Prudence

Prudence and Modesty diverted it to another Subject, presently reply'd, your constant and most faithful Lover has no such haughty Thoughts of his past Service, to think he ever could oblige the fair *Arabella*, or at least deserve a Retaliation of that sincere affection he professes to her. I love my fairest *Arabella*; I love, and no Reward is valuable with me but what gives me your Heart, or robs me of my Life; if your Kindness bids me live, I live your Servant; or your Frown at the same Minute, commands me to die your Martyr. *Arabella* blush'd; and what Modesty would not suffer her to utter in Words, she spoke in her languishing Eyes, and abrupt Sighs, Live, *Ibrahim*, Live, and let that cruel Maid ever be forsaken, who bids her Lover die. At this the generous *Turk* took heart, and pursu'd his Amours with so vigorous an Attack, that the Lady made a willing Surrender, and promis'd that the Heart he had so bravely conquer'd, should ever be the Trophy of his Victory. *Ibrahim* having thus gain'd an assurance of *Arabella's* Affections, endeavour'd by all means, to fix it beyond the Power or Cause of ill Fortune; and accordingly paying her a Visit the next Day,

Day, when he found none but his Mistress, excepting the Servants, at Home, began an Assault upon the young Lady with all the Affection that Love could inspire him with. *Arabella*, who had already yielded up her Heart to *Ibrahim*, thought the trust of her Honour might be reposed in the same Breast, with equal Security. Thus with kind Caresses, and amorous Dalliances, did this generous *Turk* obtain the Flower of her Virginity, by gently throwing her on the Bed, where his eager Vigour made her loudly tune the Obits of an expiring Maidenhead. And though some eight Months are past since he storm'd the Garrison, yet Love and Affection continues the same; which Constancy and Fidelity makes him worthy of such another Prize.

No less gallant was the Amour betwixt his Comrade *Gurgi Nebi* and the above-mentioned Lady's youngest Sister *Cecilia*, there being one more between them. This *Turk* was as forward in his Addresses to his Mistress as the other, and in the end prov'd as successful; for his Genius and Politeness being not inferior to *Ibrahim's*, several young Gentlewomen about

about *London* have plotted to make the Conquest of a Person so accomplish'd; but *Cecilia* had so great a share in his thoughts, that he slighted all the Advances made to him, upon several Occasions, by others of the fair Sex. He was very complaisant to her, and one Day this young Lady happening to Sprain her Foot in Dancing at a Ball, he was so extraordinary concern'd for the Accident, and dull upon the Matter, that it was impossible for any body to make him eat any thing, or take a wink of Sleep all that Night. The next Day he had a Fever, which continued three or four Days with that Violence, that those about him began to despair of his Life. Whereupon the most eminent Physicians being consulted about the means proper to be taken for his Recovery, an indifferent strong Purge was agreed on, to put his Spirits in motion; but he was seiz'd with such a Drowsiness, that the Designs of his Friends had certainly prov'd Abortive, Had not his dear Companion *Ibrahim's* Tenderness inspir'd him with the Thought of applying the Remedy by the Hands of *Madam Cecilia*; to whom giving it, she had Wit enough to know what to say, to induce him to take it.

In

In a word, the young Lady being brought to his Lodgings, her Voice rouz'd him from his Lethargy, and without a Moment's Resistance, he obey'd her, and swallow'd the Pill that none but she could persuade him to take.

The Gentlewoman daily Visiting him, *Gurgi Nebi* got well again in a very little time. Her Conversation being extraordinary taking, insomuch that he was never satisfied, but when he was in her Company. One Day being together at *Richmond*, as they were walking in a Grove, *Cecilia* happen'd to tread upon a Snake, which presently wound himself about her Foot, and squeez'd it so hard, that she fainted away. Without considering the Danger, the *Turk* fell upon the Snake, and pulling him from her Foot, he had like to have been choak'd himself by it. For the Monster perceiving himself pull'd with great violence from his Prey, leapt upon his Neck, and wound himself so hard about the same, that had not a *Gardner*, who was at work in an adjacent Garden, came seasonably to his Assistance, he had certainly been throttled. But he kill'd the Snake, and going strait into the House, *Cecilia's* Foot was found swell'd,

swell'd, and hir Neck was bleck and blew,
and very much swell'd, as were also his
Eyes; and had it not been for the appli-
cation of Treacle and other Antidotes,
they might perhaps have been suffocated
with the Poyson. These Dangers which
the *Turk* had run through for her sake,
made her first break her Affections to
him, in asking, Have not you, generous
Sir, given thy Heart already to any Fair?
And, canst thou assure me, without Flat-
tery, that no Lady possesses it? No, an-
swer'd *Gurgi Nebi*, I have yet felt no-
thing of what they call Love, till I saw
your Ladyship's resistless Charms, which
force me to offer my Heart at the Shrine
of your Beauty. Upon this Confession of
his best Affections, the young Lady pre-
sented him with a Heart of Gold, ena-
mell'd, and set round with rich Diamonds,
with a large Ruby in the middle; and she
gave him likewise a Bracelet of her Hair,
and ty'd it her self about his left Arm,
which he solemnly vows to wear during
Life, as a Trophy of his Success in his A-
mours in *England*, which produces the
finest Women on Earth.

The next time they met, which was not
long, he threw himself at *Cecilia's* Feet, and

M

talk'd

talk'd with so much Passion to her, that she could not think any otherwise than that he really ador'd her. A Day without the sight of beholding the Power of her Charms, made him find the Image of that killing Female still uppermost in his Fancy. Now they were together, how did the sight of her add an invincible Strength and Vigour to his Passion! He yielded himself her Prisoner at Discretion; sacrificed all the Motions of his Soul to her Pleasure; and made a thousand Vows, that, to convince her of the sincerity of his Affection, he would obey all her Commands, and close with all her Wishes.

These Protestations utter'd, fetching a deep Sigh, she spoke to the Turk (but it may be suppos'd only to try his Temper) as if she doubted of his Constancy and Fidelity, in such passionate Expressions, that the Charms of her melodious Voice compell'd him to cry out, that she was the only Deity to whom he paid his Devotions; and hoping that his Passion might transport him into her highest Favour, he could willingly leave all the Glories of the World, to live with her in the remotest Part of it for ever.

Now the Night being far spent, causing a separation betwixt the two Lovers, he
took

took his leave of her in the profoundest Respect as could be; but yet not without letting her perceive by a melancholy Countenance, that he was somewhat dissatisfied with her mistrust of his Passion; which Discontent she soon alleviated the next Morning, by sending him this Letter.

Honoured Sir,

THE Service you have done me, does challenge a far greater Acknowledgement than lies in my Power to give you; and I hope will excuse me for what I said last Night to you in a kind and extravagant way of Discourse. I have no other way to require your Civilities, but to tell you what Power they have over a Soul so sensible as mine is, and it is your own Fault that you have not more acceptable Proofs of my Love and Affection to you. So I desire the Favour of you to visit your Captive,

CÆCILIA HAYES.

This Epistle Gurgi Nebi did not read with a little Satisfaction; yet nevertheless she perceiv'd (when he presently came to visit her) Discontent in his Looks, and by the Breaks of his Discourse, that a more fit and compos'd Trouble was settled in

his Heart, for fear he was out of Favour. Whereupon, my Dear, says she, you inwardly blame my Diffidence I know, and presume the Justice of your Amour will warrant your Reflections on my late seeming Cruelty; I confess, I was a little too rigorous in doubting your Fidelity, but as it was only a Stratagem to try what I find to be true, let not the severity of your Prosecution exceed my Offence, since I solemnly assure you, that you, and only you are the Person whom I esteem on this side Heaven. Thus *Cicilia's* Contrition, and his forgiving Temper, meeting in a perfect understanding of the Fervency of each others Love, he then took the Opportunity of reconciling themselves, by offering her Virginity, as an Oblation of their Amours, at the Shrine of *Venus*.

An

An Alphabetical KEY
to both Volumes of the
Court of VENUS.

A. —y, Vol. 2. pag. 66. Mr.
Abercromwey, a Scotch Gentleman, who was a Colonel in the First Regiment of Foot-Guards.

B.

BU—ham, Vol. 1. p. 74. George Villars D. of Buckingham, who died very obscurely in York-shire.
B—h, Vol. 1. p. 256. a Barrister of Grays-Inn.

C.

CL—d, Vol. 1. p. 74. Barbara late Dutchess of Cleaveland, first known Mistress to K. Charles the Second.

M

Cx

An Alphabetical Key.

Cz—, Vol. 1. p. 185. the *Czar* of *Moscow*.

C—s. Vol. 2. p. 10. King *Charles* the Second.

D.

Duke of B—ck, Vol. 1. p. 136. the Duke of *Berwick*, one of the *Mareschals* of *France*.

Dame B—d, Vol. 1. p. 213. Mrs. *Broad* a *Bailiff's* Wife.

D.—B.— Vol. 1. p. 213. *Daniel Burges* a late *Presbyterian* Canter.

E.

EXercise his Folly, Vol. 2. p. 69. an Expression us'd by the ingenious Author of *Hudibras*, on the Lustful Inclinations of King *Charles* the Second.

F.

Farnham, Vol. 2. p. 13. a Town in *Surry*, 31 Miles from *London*,

An Alphabetical Key.

don, whereof the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* was Created a Counteſs.

G.

G*R—n*, Vol. 2. p. 16. the Duke of *Grafton*, who was kill'd at the Siege of *Cork*.

H.

H*Or—k*, Vol. 1. p. 192. the Son of *Anthony Horneck*, once Prebendary of *Westminster*, who is ſtill a great *Rake*.

I.

J*Oue*, Vol. 2. p. 36. the ſame as *Jupiter*, whom the Poets feign'd to be the God of Heaven.

K.

K*Atherine*, Vol. 2. p. 17. Queen to King *Charles* the Second.

M 4

L—n,

An Alphabetical Key.

L.

L — Vol. 1. p. 87. the Earl of *Lincoln*, living in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*.

L — Vol. 1. p. 110. a Barrister formerly of the *Middle-Temple*.

M.

M *O-ch*, Vol. 2. p. 12. King *Charles* the Second, who became a poor Monarch by his excessive Whoring.

N.

N *O-am*, Vol. 1. p. 87. the Earl of *Nottingham*, whose Countess perfidiously kept the Ring which the Earl of *Essex* sent to *Queen Elizabeth*.

N-l, in the Theatre, Vol. 2. p. 68. *Nel Gwin*, who was an Actress in the Play-House in *Drury-Lane*.

. O. *Ogle*,

An Alphabetical Key.

O.

O*Gle*, Vol. 2. p. 76. a Mistress
to the Duke of *York*.

P.

P*O—th*, Vol. 2. p. 2. the Dutch-
ess of *Portsmouth*.

Q.

Q*Uerouaille*, Vol. 2. p. 4. the Sir
name of the Dutchess of *Portf-
mouth*.

R.

R*O—ly*, Vol. 1. p. 72. signifies
Rowley, a Nick-Name given
by *Rochester*, and other Wits, to
King *Charles* the Second.

R—l. C—y, Vol. 2. p. 12. King
Charles the Second, call'd the Roy-
al Cully.

S. *Sp—*

An Alphacetical Key.

S.

SP—s D—s, Vol. 2. p. 11. Spu-
rious or Bastardly Dukes.

S—gn L—d, Vol. 2. p. 70. Sove-
reign Lord King *Charles* the Se-
cond.

T.

T—zy M—zy, Vol. 2. p. 18. a
Word Mr. *Butler* uses in his
Hudibrastick Verse, for a Woman's
Tu quoque.

V.

V*ain*, Vol. 2. p. 50. an Epi-
thete which Mr. *Butler* the
Author of *Hudibras* properly ap-
ply'd to King *Charles* the Second,
for his Profuseness on a parcel of
Harlots.

W. W—

An Alphabetical Key.

W.

W—**P**— Vol. 1. p. 208. *William Penn*, a noted Quaker.

Y.

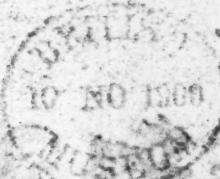
York, Vol. 2. p. 88. a Duke of that Place, who came to be King *James* the Second, who Ab-dicated the British Throne, in the Year 1688.



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W
T—Vol. 1. A. 203. NW
New York, a noted Quaker.

Y
Vol. 1. A. 203. NW
the first, who came to
King James the second, who ab-
dicated the British Throne, in the
Year 1688.



FINIS